THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasp'd, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell,
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true,
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.

{Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.}

CHAPTER V.

DINAH ROY'S "GHOST."

The moon, high in the heavens, shone down brightly, lighting up the fair domain of Verner's Pride, lighting up the broad terrace, and one who was hasting along it; all looking as peaceful as if a deed of dark mystery had not that night been committed.

He, skimming the terrace with a fleet foot, was that domain's recognized heir, Lionel Verner. Tynn and others were standing in the hall, talking in groups, as is the custom with dependents when something unusual and exciting is going on. Lionel appeared full of emotion when he burst in upon them.

"Is it true?" he demanded, speaking impulsively. "Is Rachel really dead?"

"She is dead, sir."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, sir, drowned."

He stood like one confounded. He had heard the news in the village, but this decided confirmation of it was as startling as if he now heard it for the first time. A hasty word of feeling, and then he looked again at Tynn.

"Was it the result of accident?"

Tynn shook his head.

"It's to be feared it was not, sir. There was a dreadful quarrel heard, it seems, near to the pool, just before it happened. My master is inquiring into it now, sir, in his study. Mr. Bitterworth and some more are there."

Giving his hat to the butler, Lionel Verner opened the study door, and entered. It was at that precise moment when John Massingbird had gone out for Mrs. Roy; so that, as may be said, there was a lull in the proceedings.

Mr. Verner looked glad when Lionel appeared. The ageing man, enfeebled with sickness, had grown to lean on the strong young intellect. As much as it was in Mr. Verner's nature to love anything, he loved Lionel. He beckoned him to a chair beside himself.

"Yes, sir, in an instant," nodded Lionel. "Matthew," he whispered, laying his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder as he passed, and bending down to him with his sympathising eyes, his pleasant voice, "I am grieved for this as if it had been my own sister. Believe me."

"I know it; I know you, Mr. Lionel," was the faint answer. "Don't unman me, sir, afore 'em here; leave me to myself."

With a pressure of his hand on the shoulder ere he quitted it, Lionel turned to Frederick Massingbird, asking of him particulars in an undertone.

"I don't know them myself," replied Frederick, his accent a haughty one. "There seems to be nothing but uncertainty and mystery. Mr. Verner ought not to have inquired into it in this semi-public way. Very disagreeable things have been said, I assure you; there was not the least necessity for allowing such absurdities to go forth, as suspicions, to the public. You have not been running from the willow-pool at a strapping pace, I suppose, to-night?"

"That I certainly have not," replied Lionel.

"Neither has John, I am sure," returned Frederick, resentfully. "It is not likely. And yet that boy of Mother Duff's—"

The words were interrupted. The door had opened, and John Massingbird appeared, marshalling in Dinah Roy. Dinah looked fit to die, with her ashy face and her trembling frame.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Verner.

The woman burst into tears.

"Oh, sir, I don't know nothing of it; I protest I don't," she uttered. "I declare that I never set eyes on Rachel Frost this blessed night."

"But you were near the spot at that time?"

"Oh, bad luck to me, I was!" she answered, wringing her hands. "But I know no more how she got into the water nor a child unborn."

"Where's the necessity for being put out about it, my good woman?" spoke up Mr. Bitterworth. "If you know nothing, you can't tell it. But you must state what you do know—why you were there, what startled you, and such like. Perhaps—if she were to have a chair?" he suggested to Mr. Verner, in a whisper. "She looks too shaky to stand."

"Ay," acquiesced Mr. Verner. "Somebody bring forward a chair. Sit down, Mrs. Roy."

Mrs. Roy obeyed. One of those harmless, well-meaning, timid women, who seem not to possess ten ideas of their own, and are content to submit to others, she had often been seen in a shaky state from very trifling causes. But she had never been seen like this. The perspiration was pouring off her pinched face, and her blue check apron was incessantly raised to wipe it.

"What errand had you near the willow-pool this evening?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I didn't see anything," she gasped, "I don't know anything. As true as I sit here, sir, I never saw Rachel Frost this blessed evening."

"I am not asking you about Rachel Frost. *Were you near the spot?*"

"Yes. But—"

"Then you can say what errand you had there; what business took you to it," continued Mr. Verner.

"It was no harm took me, sir. I went to get a dish o' tea with Martha Broom. Many's the time she have asked me since Christmas; and my husband, he was out with the Dawsons and all that bother; and Luke, he's gone, and there was nothing to keep me at home. I changed my gownd and I went."

"What time was that?"

"'Twas the middle of the afternoon, sir. The clock had gone three."

"Did you stay to tea there?"

"In course, sir, I did. Broom, he was out, and she was at home by herself a rinsing out some things. But she soon put 'em away, and we sat down and had our teas together. We was a talking about—"

"Never mind that," said Mr. Verner. "It was in coming home, I conclude, that you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy raised her apron again, and passed it over her face; but not a word spoke she in answer.

"What time did you leave Broom's cottage to return home?"

"I can't be sure, sir, what time it was. Brooms haven't got no clock; they tells the time by the sun, and that."

"Was it dark?"

"Oh, yes, it was dark, sir; except for the moon. That had been up a good bit, for I hadn't hurried myself."

"And what did you see or hear, when you got near the willow-pond?"

The question sent Mrs. Roy into fresh tears; into fresh tremor.

"I never saw nothing," she reiterated. "The last time I set eyes on Rachel Frost, was at church on Sunday."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Verner with asperity. "Do you mean to deny that anything had occurred to put you in a state of agitation, when you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy only moaned.

"Did you hear people quarrelling?" he persisted.

"I heard people quarrelling," she sobbed. "I did. But I know no more than the dead who it was."

"Whose voices were they?"

"I couldn't tell, sir. I wasn't near enough. There were two voices, a man's and a woman's; but I couldn't catch a single word, and it did not last long. I declare, if it were the last word I had to speak, that I heard no more of the quarrel than that, and I wasn't no nearer to it."

She really did seem to speak the truth, in spite of her shrinking fear, which was evident to all. Mr. Verner inquired, with incredulity equally evident, whether that was sufficient to put her into the state of tremor spoken of by young Broom.

Mrs. Roy hung her head.

"I'm timid at quarrels, 'specially if it's at night," she faintly answered.

"And was it just the hearing of that quarrel that made you sink down on your knees, and clasp hold of a tree?" continued Mr. Verner. Upon which Mrs. Roy let fall her head on her hands, and sobbed piteously.

Robin Frost interrupted, sarcasm in his tone.

"There's a tale going on outside, that you saw a ghost, and that it was that frighted you," he said to her. "Perhaps, sir"—turning to Mr. Verner—"you'll ask her whose ghost it was."

This appeared to put the finishing touch to Mrs. Roy's discomfiture. Nothing could be made of her for a few minutes. Presently, her agitation somewhat subsided; she lifted her head, and spoke as with a desperate effort.

"It's true," she said. "I'll make clean breast of it. I did see a ghost, and it was that as upset me so. It wasn't the quarrelling frighted me: I thought nothing of that."

"What do you mean by saying you saw a ghost?" sharply reproved Mr. Verner.

"It was a ghost, sir," she answered, apparently picking up a little courage, now the subject was fairly entered upon.

A pause ensued. Mr. Verner may have been at a loss what to say next. When deliberately assured by any timorous spirit that they have "seen a ghost," it is waste of time to enter an opposing argument.

"Where did you see the ghost?" he asked.

"I had stopped still, listening to the quarrelling, sir. But that soon came to an end, for I heard no more, and I went on a few steps, and then I stopped to listen again.—Just as I turned my head towards the grove, where the quarrelling had seemed to be, I saw something a few paces from me that made my flesh creep. A tall, white thing it looked, whiter than the moonlight. I knew it could be nothing but a ghost, and my knees sunk down from under me, and I laid hold o' the trunk o' the tree."

"Perhaps it was a death's head and bones?" cried John Massingbird.

"May be, sir," she answered. "That, or something worse. It glided through the trees with its great eyes staring at me; and I felt ready to die."

"Was it a man's or a woman's ghost?" asked Mr. Bitterworth, a broad smile upon his face.

"Couldn't have been a woman's sir; 'twas too tall," was the sobbing answer. "A great tall thing it looked, like a white shadder. I wonder I be alive!"

"So do I," irascibly cried Mr. Verner. "Which way was it going? towards the village, or in this direction?"

"Not in neither of 'em, sir. It glided right off at a angle amid the trees."

"And it was that—that folly, that put you into the state of tremor in which Broom found you?" uttered Mr. Verner. "It was nothing else?"

"I declare, before Heaven, that it was what I saw as put me into the fright young Broom found me in," she repeated, earnestly.

"But, if you were so silly as to be alarmed, for the moment, why do you continue to show alarm still?"

"Because my husband says he'll shake me," she whimpered, after a long pause. "He never has no patience with ghosts."

"Serve you right," was the half-audible comment of Mr. Verner. "Is this all you know of the affair?" he continued after a pause.

"It's all, sir," she sobbed. "And enough too! There's only one thing as I shall be forever thankful for."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Verner.

"That my poor Luke was away afore this happened. He was fond of hankering after Rachel, and folks might have been for laying it on his shoulders; though, goodness knows he'd not have hurt a hair of her head."

"At any rate, he is out of it," observed John Massingbird.

"Ay," she replied, in a sort of self soliloquy, as she turned to leave the room, for Mr. Verner told her she was dismissed, "it'll be a corn o' comfort among my peck o' troubles. I have fretted myself incessant since Luke left, a thinking as I could never know comfort again; but perhaps it's all for the best now, as he should ha' went."

She curtsied, and the door was closed upon her. Her evidence left an unsatisfactory feeling behind it. An impression had gone forth that Mrs. Roy could throw some light upon the obscurity; and, as it turned out, she had thrown none. The greater part of those present gave credence to what she said. All believed the "ghost" to have been pure imagination; knowing the woman's proneness to the marvellous, and her timid temperament. But, upon one or two there remained a strong conviction that Mrs. Roy had not told the whole truth; that she could have said a great deal more about the night's work, had she chosen to do so.

No other testimony was forthcoming. The cries and shouts of young Broom, when he saw the body in the water, had succeeded in arousing some men who slept at the distant brick-kilns; and the tidings soon spread, and crowds flocked up. These crowds were eager to pour into Mr. Verner's room now, and state all *they* knew, which was precisely the evidence not required; but, of further testimony to the facts, there was none.

"More may come out prior to the inquest; there's no knowing," observed Mr. Bitterworth, as the gentlemen stood in a group, before separating. "It is a very dreadful thing; demanding the most searching investigation. It is not likely she would throw herself in."

"A well-conducted girl like Rachel Frost throw herself willfully into a pond for the purpose of drowning!" indignantly repeated Mr. Verner. "She would be one of the last to do it."

"And equally one of the last to be thrown in," said Dr. West. "Young women do not get thrown into ponds without some cause; and I should think few ever gave less cause for maltreatment of any kind than she. It appears most strange to me with whom she could have been quarrelling—if indeed it was Rachel that was quarrelling."

"It is all strange together," cried Lionel Verner. "What took Rachel that way at all, by night-time?"

"What indeed?" echoed Mr. Bitterworth. "Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Mr. Verner; for Mr. Bitterworth had brought his words to a sudden standstill.

"Well, I was going to say, unless she had an appointment there. But that does not appear probable for Rachel Frost."

"It is barely possible, let alone probable," was the retort of Mr. Verner.

"But still, in a case like this, every circumstance must be looked at, every trifle weighed," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "Does Rachel's own conduct appear to you to have been perfectly open? She has been indulging, it would seem, in some secret grief latterly; has been 'strange,' as one or two have expressed it. Then, again, she stated to her father that she was going to stay at Duff's for a gossip, whereas the woman says she had evidently no intention of gossiping, and barely gave herself time to order the articles spoken of. Other witnesses observed her leave Duff's, and walk with a hasty step direct to the field road, and turn down it. All this does not sound quite clear to me."

"There was one thing sounded not clear to me," broke in Lionel, abruptly, "and that was Dinah Roy's evidence. The woman's half a fool; otherwise I should think she was purposely deceiving us."

"A pity but she could see a real ghost!" cried John Massingbird, looking half inclined to laugh; "it might cure her for fancy ones. She's right in one thing, however; that poor Luke might have got this clapped on to his shoulders, had he been here."

"Scarcely," dissented Dr. West. "Luke Roy is too inoffensive to harm any one, least of all a woman, and Rachel; and that the whole parish knows."

"There's no need to discuss Luke's name in the business," said Mr. Verner; "he is far enough away. Whoever the man may have been, it was not Luke," he emphatically added. "Luke would have been the one to succor Rachel, not to hurt her."

Not a soul present but felt that Mr. Verner spoke in strict accordance with the facts, known and presumptive. They must look in another quarter than Luke for Rachel's assailant.

Mr. Verner glanced at Mr. Bitterworth and Dr. West, then at the three young men before him.

"We are among friends," he observed, addressing the latter. "I would ask you, individually, whether it was one of you that the boy, Duff, spoke of as being in the lane?"

They positively disclaimed it, each one for himself. Each one mentioned that he had been elsewhere at the time; and where he had been.

"You see," said Mr. Verner, "the lane leads only to Verner's Pride."

"But, by leaping a fence anywhere, or a gate, or breaking through a hedge, it may lead all over the country," observed Frederick Massingbird. "You forget that, sir."

"No, Frederick, I do not forget it. But, unless a man had business at Verner's Pride, what should he go into the lane for? On emerging from the field, on this side the Willow-pool, any one, not bound for Verner's Pride, would take the common path to the right hand, open to all; only in case of wanting to come here would he take the lane. You cannot suppose for a moment that I suspect any one of you has had a hand in this unhappy event; but it was right that I should be assured, from your own lips, that you were not the person spoken of by young Duff."

"It may have been a stranger to the neighborhood, sir. In that case, he would not know that the lane led only to Verner's Pride."

"True—so far. But what stranger would be likely to quarrel with Rachel?"

"Egad, if you come to that, sir, a stranger's more likely to pick a quarrel with her than one of us," rejoined John Massingbird.

"It was no stranger," said Mr. Verner, shaking his head. "We do not *quarrel* with strangers. Had any stranger accosted Rachel at night, in that lonely spot, with rude words, she would naturally have called out for help; which it is certain she did not do, or young Broom and Mrs. Roy must have heard her. Rely upon it, that man in the lane is the one we must look for."

"But—where to look?" debated Frederick Massingbird.

"There it is! The inference would be that he was coming to Verner's Pride; being on its direct way and nearly close upon it. But, the only tall men (as the boy describes) at Verner's Pride, are you three and Bennett. Bennett was at home, therefore he is exempt; and you were scattered in different directions—Lionel at Mr. Bitterworth's, John at the Royal Oak—I wonder you like to make yourself familiar with those tap-rooms, John—and Frederick coming in from Poynton's to his dinner."

"I don't think I had been in ten minutes when the alarm came," remarked Frederick.

"Well, it is involved in mystery at present," cried Mr. Bitterworth, shaking hands with them. "Let us hope that to-morrow will open more light upon it! Are you on the wing, too, doctor? Then we'll go out together."

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVELATION AT THE INQUEST.

To say that Deerham was rudely disturbed from its equanimity; that petty animosities, whether concerning Mr. Roy and the Dawsons, or other contending spirits, were lost sight of, hushed to rest in the absorbing calamity which had overtaken Rachel; to say that occupations were partially suspended, that there ensued a glorious interim of idleness, for the female portion of it—of conferences in gutters and collectings in houses; to say that Rachel was sincerely mourned, old Frost sympathized with, and the supposed assailant vigorously sought after, would be

Hoisting the Stars and Stripes by the Union Troops on the Corona Female College, Corinth, Mississippi.

The above engraving, engraved expressly for The Post from a picture in "*Frank Leslie*," represents the hoisting of the stars and stripes on the Corona Female College at Corinth, Mississippi, after the evacuation of that place by the rebels. Our readers probably will be surprised to find that Corinth boasts so handsome a building.

sufficient to indicate that public curiosity was excited to a high pitch; but all this was as nothing, compared to the excitement which was to ensue, upon the evidence given at the coroner's inquest.

In the absence of any certain data to go upon, Deerham had been content to take uncertain data, and to come to its own conclusions. Deerham assumed that Rachel, from some reasons which they could not fathom, had taken the lonely road home that night, had met with somebody or other with whom had ensued a quarrel and scuffle, and that, accidentally or by intent, she had been pushed into the pond, the coward decamping.

"Villainy enough! even if 'twas but a accident!" cried wrathful Deerham.

Villainy enough, beyond all doubt, had this been the extent. But Deerham had to learn that the villainy had had a beginning previous to that.

The inquest had been summoned in due course. It sat two days after the accident—No evidence, tending to further elucidate the matter was given, than had been elicited that first night before Mr. Verner; except the medical evidence. Dr. West and a surgeon from a neighboring town, who had jointly made the *post mortem* examination, testified that there was a cause for Rachel Frost's uneasiness of spirits, spoken to by her father and by Mrs. Verner. She might possibly, they now thought, have thrown herself into the pool; induced to it by self-condemnation.

It electrified Deerham. It electrified Mr. Verner. It worse than electrified Matthew Frost and Robin. In the first impulse of the news, Mrs. Verner declared that it *could not be*. But the medical men, with their impassive faces, calmly said that *it was*.

But, so far as the inquiry went, it only left the point where it found it. For, if it tended to induce a suspicion that Rachel might have found life a burden, and so wished to end it, it only rendered stronger the suspicion against another. This supplied the very motive for that other's conduct, which had been wanting, supposing that he had indeed got rid of her by violence. It gave the clue to much which had before been dark. People could understand now why Rachel should hasten to keep a stealthy appointment; why quarrelling should be heard at it; in short, why poor Rachel should have been found in the pond. The jury returned an open verdict—"Found drowned; but how she got into the water, there is no precise evidence to show."

Robin Frost struggled out of the room as the crowd was dispersing. His eye was blazing, his cheek burning. Could Robin have laid his hand at that moment upon the right man, there would speedily have ensued another coroner's inquest. The earth was not wide enough for the two to live on it. Fortunately, Robin could not fix on any one, and say, thou art the man! The knowledge was hidden from him: and yet, the very man may have been at the inquest, side by side with himself. Nay, he probably *was*.

Robin Frost cleared himself from the crowd. He gave vent to a groan of despair; he lifted his strong arms in impotency. Then he turned and sought Mr. Verner.

Mr. Verner was ill; could not be seen. Lionel came forward.

"Robin, I am truly sorry;—truly grieved. We all are. But I know you will not care to day to hear me say it."

"Sir, I wanted to see Mr. Verner," replied Robin. "I want to know if that inquest can be squashed." Don't laugh at him now, poor fellow. He meant quashed.

"The inquest quashed!" repeated Lionel. "Of course it cannot be. I don't know what you mean, Robin. It has been held, and it cannot be unheld."

"I should ha' said the verdict," explained Robin. "I'm beside myself to day, Mr. Lionel. Can't Mr. Verner get it squashed? He knows the crowner."

"Neither Mr. Verner nor anybody else could do it, Robin. Why should you wish it done?"

"Because it as good as sets forth a lie," vehemently answered Robin Frost. "She never put herself into the water. Bad as things had turned out with her, poor dear, she never did that. Mr. Lionel, I ask you, sir, was she likely to do it?"

"I should have deemed it very unlikely," replied Lionel. "Until to-day," he added to his own thoughts.

"No, she never did! Was it the work of one to go and buy herself aprons, and tape, and cotton for sewing, who was on her way to fling herself into a pond, I'd ask the crowner?" he continued, his voice rising almost to a shriek in his emotion. "Them aprons be a proof that *she* didn't take her own life. Why didn't they bring it in Wilful Murder, and have the place scoured out to find him?"

"The verdict will make no difference to the finding him, Robin," returned Lionel Verner.

"I dun know that, sir. When a charge of wilful murder's out in a place, again some one of the folks in it, the rest be all on the edge to find him: but 'Found drownded' is another thing. Have you any suspicion again anybody, sir?"

He put the question sharply and abruptly, and Lionel Verner looked full in his face as he answered—

"No, Robin."

"Well, good afternoon, sir."

He turned away without another word. Lionel gazed after him with true sympathy.

"He will never recover this blow," was Lionel Verner's mental comment.

But for this unfortunate occurrence, John Massingbird would have already departed from Verner's Pride. The great bane of the two Massingbirds was, that they had been brought up to be idle men. A sum of money had become their's when Frederick came of age—which sum you will call large or small, as it may please you. It would be as a drop of water to the millionaire; it would be as a countless fortune to one in the depths of poverty: we estimate things by comparison. The sum was five thousand pounds each—Mrs. Massingbird, by her second marriage with Mr Verner, having forfeited all right in it. With this one sum the young Massingbirds appeared to think that they could live like gentlemen, and need not seek to add to it.

Thrown into the luxurious home of Verner's Pride—again we must speak by comparison: Verner's Pride was luxurious compared to the moderate home they had been reared in—John and Frederick Massingbird suffered that worst complaint of all complaints, indolence, to overtake them and become their master. John, careless, free, unsteady in many ways, set on to spend his portion as fast as he could; Frederick, more cold, more cautious, did not squander as his brother did, but he had managed to get rid of a considerable amount of his own share in unfortunate speculations. While losses do not affect our personal convenience they are scarcely felt. And so it was with the Massingbirds. Mr. Verner was an easy man in regard to money matters; he was also a man who was particularly sensitive to the feelings of other people, and he had never breathed a word to his wife about the inexpediency of her keeping her sons at home in idleness. He feared his motives might be misconstrued—that it might be thought he grudged the keeping them. He had spoken once or twice of the desirability of their pursuing some calling in life, and intimated that he should be ready to further their views by pecuniary help; but the advice was not taken. He offered to purchase a commission for one or both of them; he hinted that the bar afforded a stepping-stone to fame. No; John and Frederick Massingbird were conveniently deaf; they had grown addicted to field-sports, to a life of leisure, and they did not feel inclined to quit it for one of obligation or of labor. So they had stayed on at Verner's Pride, in the enjoyment of their comfortable quarters, of the well-spread table, of their horses, their dogs. All these sources of expense were provided without any cost or concern of theirs, their own private expenditure alone coming out of their private purses. How it was with their clothes, they and Mrs. Verner best knew—Mr. Verner did not. Whether these were furnished at their own cost, or whether their mother allowed them to draw for such on her—or, indeed, whether they were scoring up long bills on account—Mr. Verner made it no concern of his.

John—who was naturally of a roving nature, and but for the desirable home he was allowed to call his, would probably have been all over the world before he was his present age, working in his shirt-sleeves for bread one day, exalted to some transient luck the next—had latterly taken a fancy in his head to emigrate to Australia. Certain friends of his had gone out there a year or two previously, and were sending home flaming accounts of their success at the gold-fields. It excited in John Massingbird a strong wish to join them. Possibly other circumstances urged him to the step; for, that his finances were not in so desirable a state as they might be, was certain. With John Massingbird, to wish a thing was to do it; and almost before the plan was spoken of, even in his own family, he was ready to start. Frederick was in his confidence, Lionel partly so, and a hint to his mother was sufficient to induce her to preserve reticence on the subject. John Massingbird had his reasons for this. It was announced in the household that Mr. Massingbird was departing on a visit to town, the only one who was told the truth being Rachel Frost. Rachel was looked upon almost as one of themselves. Frederick Massingbird had also confided it to Sibylla West—but Frederick and Sibylla were on more confidential terms than was suspected by the world. John had made a confidant on his own score, and that was of Luke Roy. Luke, despised by Rachel, whom he truly loved, clearly seeing there was no hope whatever that she would ever favor him, was eager to get away from Deerham—anywhere, so that he might forget her. John Massingbird knew this; he liked Luke, and he thought Luke might prove useful to him in the land he was emigrating to, so he proposed to him to join in the scheme. Luke warmly embraced it. Old Roy, whom they were obliged to take into confidence, was won over to it; he furnished Luke with the needful funds, believing he should be repaid four-fold, for John Massingbird had contrived to imbue him with the firm conviction that gold was to be picked up for the stooping.

Only three days before the tragic event occurred to Rachel, Luke had been despatched to London, by John Massingbird to put things in a train of preparation for the voyage. Luke said nothing abroad of his going, and the village only knew he was away by missing him.

"What's gone of Luke?" many asked of his father.

"Oh! he's off to London on some spree; he can tell ye about it when he gets back," was Roy's answer.

When he got back! John's departure was intended for the day following that one when you saw him packing his clothes, but the untimely end of Rachel had induced him to postpone it. Or, rather, the command of Mr. Verner,—a command which John could not conveniently disobey, had he wished. He had won over Mr. Verner to promise him a substantial sum, to "set him up," as he phrased it, in Australia, and that sum was not yet handed to him.

The revelation at the inquest had affected Mr. Verner in no measured degree, greatly increasing, for the time, his bodily ailments. He gave orders to be denied to all callers; he could not bear the comments that would be made. An angry, feverish desire, to find out who had played the traitor, grew strong within him. Innocent, pretty, child-like Rachel! who was it that had set himself, in his wickedness deliberately to destroy her? Mr. Verner now deemed it more than likely that she had been the author of her own death. It was of course impossible to tell; but he dwelt on that part of the tragedy less than on the other. The one injury was uncertain; the other was a fact.

What rendered it all the more obscure, was the absence of any previous grounds of suspicion. Rachel had never been observed to be on terms of intimacy with any one. Luke Roy had been anxious to court her, as Verner's Pride knew; but Rachel had utterly repudiated the wish. Luke it was not. And, who else was there?

The suspicions of Mr. Verner veered, almost against his will, towards those of his own household. Not to Lionel; he honestly believed Lionel to be too highly principled; but towards his step-sons. He had no particular cause to suspect either of them; unless the testimony of Mrs. Duff's son about the tall gentleman could furnish it; and it may be said that his suspicion strayed to them only from the total absence of any other quarter to fix it upon. Of the two, he could rather fix upon John than Frederick. No scandal, touching Frederick, had ever reached his ears: plenty of it, touching John. In fact, Mr. Verner was rather glad to help in shipping John off to some far away place, for he considered him no credit to Verner's Pride, or to the neighborhood. Venial sins sat lightly on John Massingbird's conscience.

But this was no venial sin, no case of passing scandal; and Mr. Verner declared to that gentleman that if he found him guilty he would discard him from Verner's Pride without a shilling of help. John Massingbird protested, in the strongest terms, that he was innocent as Mr. Verner himself.

A trifling addition was destined to be brought to the suspicion already directed by Mr. Verner towards Verner's Pride. On the night of the inquest Mr Verner had his dinner served in his study. The wing of a fowl; of which he eat about a fourth part. Mrs. Tynn attended on him: he liked her to do so when he was worse than usual. He was used to her, and he would talk to her when he would not to others. He spoke about what had happened, saying that he felt as if it would shorten his life. He would give anything, he added, half in self soliloquy, to have the point cleared up of who it was young Duff had seen in the lane. Mrs. Tynn answered this, lowering her voice.

"It was one of our young gentlemen, sir; there's no doubt of it. Dolly saw one of them come in."

"Dolly did!" echoed Mr. Verner.

Mrs Tynn proceeded to explain. Dolly, the dairymaid at Verner's Pride, was ill conducted enough (as Mrs. Tynn would tell her, for the fact did not give that ruling matron pleasure) to have a sweetheart. Worse still, Dolly was in the habit of stealing out to meet him when he left work, which was at eight o'clock. On the evening of the accident Dolly, abandoning her dairy, and braving the wrath of Mrs. Tynn, should she be discovered, stole out to a sheltered spot in the rear of the house, the usual meeting-place. Scarcely was she ensconced here when the swain arrived; who, it may be remarked, *en passant*, filled the important post of wagoner to Mr. Bitterworth. The spot was close to the small, green gate which led to the lane already spoken of: it led to that only; and, while he and Dolly were talking and making love, after their own rustic fashion, they saw Dan Duff come from the direction of the house, and pass through the gate, whistling. A short while subsequently, the gate was heard to open again. Dolly looked out, and saw what she took to be one of the gentlemen come in, *from* the lane, walking very fast. Dolly looked but casually, the moonlight was obscured there, and she did not particularly notice *which* of them it was; whether Mr. Lionel, or either of Mrs Verner's sons. But the impression received into her mind was, that it was one of the three; and Dolly could not be persuaded out of that to this very day.

"Hush—sh—sh!" cried she to her sweetheart, "its one o' the young masters."

The quick steps passed on; but whether they turned into the yard, or took the side path which would conduct round to the front entrance, or bore right across, and so went out into the public road, Dolly did not notice. Very shortly after this—time passes swiftly when people are courting, of which fact the Italians have a proverb—Dan Duff came breathing back again, calling, and crying, and telling the tidings of Rachel Frost. This was the substance of what Mrs. Tynn told Mr. Verner.

"Dolly said nothing of this before?" he exclaimed.

"Not she, sir. She didn't dare confess that she'd been off all that while from her dairy. She let drop a word, and I have got it out of her piecemeal. I have threatened her, sir, that if ever she mentions it again, I'll get her turned off."

"Why did you threaten her?" he hastily asked.

Mrs. Tynn dropped her voice. "I thought it might not be pleasant to have it talked of, sir. *She* thinks I'm only afraid of the neglect of work getting to the ears of Mrs. Verner."

This was the trifling addition. Not very much in itself, but it served to bear out the doubts Mr. Verner already entertained. Was it John or was it Frederick who had come in? Or was it—Lionel? There appeared to be no more certainty that it was one than another. Mr. Verner had minutely inquired into the proceedings of John and Frederick Massingbird that night, and he had come to the conclusion that both could have been in the lane at that particular hour. Frederick, previously to entering the house for his dinner, after he had left the veterinary surgeon's, Poynton; John, before he had paid his visit to the Royal Oak. John appeared to have called in at several places, and his account was not particularly clear. Lionel, Mr. Verner had not thought it necessary to question. He sent for him as soon as his dinner tray was cleared away; it was as well to be indisputably sure of him, before fastening the charge on either of the others.

"Sit down, Lionel," said Mr. Verner. "I want to talk to you. Had you finished your dinner?"

"Quite, thank you. You look very ill to-night," Lionel added, as he drew a chair to the fire; and his tone insensibly became gentle, as he gazed on his uncle's pale face.

"How can I look otherwise? This trouble is worrying me to death, Lionel. I have discovered, beyond doubt, that it was one of you young men who was in the lane that night."

Lionel, who was then leaning over the fire, turned his head with a quick, surprised gesture, towards Mr. Verner. The latter proceeded to tell Lionel the substance of the communication made to him by Mrs. Tynn. Lionel sat, bending forward, his elbow on his knee, and his fingers unconsciously running amidst the curls of his dark chestnut hair, as he listened to it. He did not interrupt the narrative or speak at its conclusion.

"You see, Lionel, it appears certain to have been one belonging to this house."

"Yes, sir. Unless Dolly was mistaken."

"Mistaken as to what?" sharply asked Mr. Verner, who when he made up his own mind that a thing was so-and-so, could not bear to be opposed. "Mistaken that some one came in at the gate?"

"I do not see how she could be mistaken in that," replied Lionel. "I meant mistaken as to its being any one belonging to the house."

"*Is* it likely that any one would come in at that gate at night unless they belonged to the house, or were coming to the house?" retorted Mr. Verner. "Would a stranger drop from the clouds to come in at it? or was it Dr Roy's 'ghost,' think you?" he sarcastically added.

Lionel did not answer. He vacantly ran his fingers through his hair, apparently in deep thought.

"I have abstained from asking you the explicit details of your movements on that evening," continued Mr. Verner, "but I must demand them of you now."

Lionel started up, his cheek on fire.

"Sir," he uttered with emotion, "you cannot suspect *me* of having had act or part in it! I declare before Heaven that Rachel was as sacred for me—"

"Softly, Lionel," interrupted Mr. Verner, "there's no cause for you to break your head against a wheel. It is not you that I suspect—thank God! But I wish to be sure of your movements—to be able to speak of them as sure, you understand—before I accuse another."

"I will willingly tell you every movement of my evening, so far as I remember," said Lionel, resuming his calmness. "I came home when dinner was half over. I had been detained—but you know all that," he broke off. "When you left the dining room, I went on to the terrace, and sat there smoking a cigar. I should think I stayed there an hour, or more; and then I went up stairs, changed my coat, and proceeded to Mr. Bitterworth's."

"What took you to Mr. Bitterworth's that evening, Lionel?"

Lionel hesitated. He did not choose to say, "Because I knew Sibylla West was to be there;" but that would have been the true answer. "I had nothing particular to do with my evening, so I went up," he said aloud. "Mr. Bitterworth was out. Mrs. Bitterworth thought he had gone into Deerham."

"Yes. He was at Deerham when the alarm was given, and hastened on here. Sibylla West was there, was she not?"

"She was there," said Lionel. "She had promised to be home early; and as no one came for her, I saw her home. It was after I left her that I heard what had occurred."

"About what time did you get there—I mean to Bitterworth's?" questioned Mr. Verner, who appeared to have his thoughts filled with other things at that moment than with Sibylla West.

"I cannot be sure," replied Lionel. "I think it must have been nine o'clock. I went into Deerham to the post-office first, and then came back to Bitterworth's."

Mr. Verner mused.

"Lionel," he observed, "it is a curious thing, but there's not one of you but might have been the party to the quarrel that night; so far as that your time cannot be positively accounted for by minutes and by hours. I mean, were the accusation brought publicly against you, you would, none of you, be able to prove a distinct *alibi*, as it seems to me. For instance, who is to prove that you did not, when you were sitting on the terrace, steal across to a rendezvous at the Willow-pond, or cut across to it when you were at the post office at Deerham?"

"I certainly did *not*," said Lionel, quietly, taking the remarks only as they were meant—for an illustration. "It might, sir, as you observe, be difficult to prove a decided alibi. But"—he rose and bent to Mr. Verner with a bright smile, a clear, truthful eye—"I do not think you need one to believe me."

"No, Lionel, I do not. Is John Massingbird in the dining-room?"

"He was when I left it."

"Then go and send him in to me."

John Massingbird was found and dispatched to Mr. Verner, without any reluctance on his own part. He had been bestowing hard words upon Lionel for "taking up the time of the old man" just on the evening when he wanted to take it up himself. The truth was, John Massingbird was intending to depart the following morning, the Fates and Mr. Verner permitting him.

Their interview was a long one. Two hours, full, had they been closeted together when Robin Frost made his appearance again at Verner's Pride, and craved once more an interview with Mr. Verner. "If it was only for a minute—only for a minute!" he implored.

Under the circumstances, the overwhelming sorrow which had fallen on the man, Lionel did not like again to deny him without first asking Mr. Verner. He went himself to the study.

"Come in," called out Mr. Verner, in answer to the knock.

He was sitting in his chair as usual, John Massingbird was standing up, his elbow on the mantelpiece. That their conversation must have been of an exciting nature was evident, and Lionel could not help noticing the signs. John Massingbird had a scarlet streak on his sallow cheek, never seen there above once or twice in his life, and then caused by deep emotion. Mr. Verner, on his part, looked livid as clay. Robin Frost might come in.

Lionel called him, and he came in with Frederick Massingbird.

The man could hardly speak for agitation. He believed the verdict could not be set aside, he said: others had told him so besides Mr. Lionel. He had come to ask if Mr. Verner would offer a reward.

"A reward?" repeated Mr. Verner, mechanically, with the air of a man whose mind is far away.

"If you'd please to offer it, sir, I'd work the flesh off my bones to pay it back again," he urged. "I'll live upon a crust myself, and I'll keep my home upon a crust, but what I'll get it up. If there's a reward posted up, sir, we might come upon the villain."

Mr. Verner appeared, then, to awake to the question before him, and to awake to it in terrible excitement.

"He'll never be found, Robin—the villain will never be found, so long as you and I and the world shall last!"

They looked at him in consternation; Lionel, Frederick Massingbird, and Robin Frost. Mr. Verner recollected himself, and calmed his spirit down.

"I mean, Robin," he more quietly said, "that a reward will be useless. The villain has been too cunning, rely upon it, to—to—leave his traces behind him."

"It might be tried, sir," respectfully urged Robin. "I'd work—"

"You can come up to-morrow, Robin, and I'll talk with you," interrupted Mr. Verner. "I am too ill—too upset to-night. Come at any hour you please, after twelve, and I'll see you."

"I'll come, sir. I've registered a vow afore my old father," went on Robin, lifting his right arm, "and I register it again afore you, sir—afore our future master, Mr. Lionel—that I'll never leave a stone unturned by night nor by day—that I'll make it my first and foremost business in life to find that man. And when I've found him—let him be who he will—either him or me shall die. So help me—"

"Be still, Robin!" passionately interposed Mr. Verner, in a voice that startled the man. "Vows are bad things. I have found them so."

"It was registered afore, sir," significantly answered Robin, as he turned away. "I'll be up here to-morrow."

The morrow brought forth two departures from Verner's Pride. John Massingbird started for London in pursuit of his journey, Mr. Verner having behaved to him liberally. And Lionel Verner was summoned in hot haste to Paris, where his brother had just met with an accident, and was supposed to be lying between life and death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

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THE SCARCITY OF CHANGE.

As a natural consequence of the rise of specie in value—or, rather, of the depreciation of the paper currency—our citizens are beginning to experience considerable difficulty in finding money for their small purchases, those under a dollar; the shopkeepers not being always able and willing to give the requisite change. To obviate this difficulty several plans may be suggested.

One plan is the adoption of a regular rule in all dealings, of the following character:—That the purchaser shall pay specie in all purchases of less than fifty cents; and the shopkeeper always give the change in purchases of fifty cents and upwards. This rule, if even generally adhered to, would probably keep a sufficient amount of specie in circulation, and obviate in great part the difficulty complained of.

Another and the next best plan, as it seems to us, is for the banks, or, better, the U. S. Treasury, to issue notes for $1,10, $1,25, $1,50, and $1,75. Ten cents could then be paid by giving a $1,10 note, and receiving a dollar note in change—and so with the other chief fractions of the dollar. The prices of articles could be made to suit these amounts, if needful, by proportioning the quantities to such prices—selling for instance a certain number of yards or pecks or quarts for these regular amounts of money, and thus avoiding any giving of change, except such as could be effected by the exchange of notes.

Another plan is by legalizing the issue by the banks of notes under the denomination of a dollar.

And still another plan is that of allowing the issue of such notes by towns, villages, incorporated companies, wealthy firms, poor firms, and "Tom, Dick and Harry."

Now, of all these plans, the last we take to be the very worst. We have seen one era of "shin-plasters"—we never want to see another. If the first plan above suggested be adopted by general consent, as expressed in the newspapers, or by the resolutions of public meetings, we have very little doubt that the wants of the community will keep a sufficient amount of silver in circulation to answer every needful purpose. And it seems to us better that purchasers and sellers should be forced to buy a little specie occasionally, than to authorize a scurvy issue of notes under the denomination of one dollar.

Still to the issue of notes for the fractional amounts between one and two dollars, we should have no very great objection—if the practical difficulty of doing without them should be found to be greater than we suppose. But from a dispensation of ragged and dirty shin-plasters, from five cents up to fifty, every man who can remember the shin-plasters of some twenty years ago, will be almost tempted to exclaim, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

NOT QUITE SO CERTAIN.

It is amusing and instructive to note the great change in the editorials and correspondence of the Richmond papers, as they begin to get more authentic advices of the great week of battles. At first they thought that G. B. McClellan had retreated in confusion, and that his army would probably be annihilated—but as the truth begins to dawn upon them, they fairly have to reassure each other that they have been successful at all. The *Examiner* describes the present position of the Union army as impregnable—and contrasts its present fine and healthy location amid fertile fields and beautiful plantations, with its old position in the marshes of the Chickahominy, which it alleges to be about the most barren and unhealthy district in the whole of Virginia.

One thing is certain, because we have it in numerous private letters from the Union troops themselves, that they do not consider themselves beaten. And it is not wonderful that the rebels were at first deluded into supposing that the deliberate retreat of the Union forces, with a view to a change of position, was simply the necessary consequence of their own display of valor. The result of Tuesday's fight, when the Union army had fallen back nearly as far as it designed to go, probably undeceived the rebel leaders and editors as to the true character of the Union movement. It seems to be evident that the Union army is now at least in the right position—that its soldiers are not in the least dispirited or disorganized—and that with the receipt of reinforcements a new and better planned advance will at once be made upon Richmond.

BEAUREGARD'S ARMY.

Letters dated the 28th of June, from Halleck's army, expressed the opinion that Beauregard's whole army was still in Mississippi. On the other hand, a refugee from Atlanta, Georgia, informs the *New York World* that he was a *witness* to the passage of troops from Beauregard's army east, and "his impression is that half of them came east, and that the bulk and best of these were sent to Richmond."

It is probable that there was a simultaneous movement of all the rebel forces south of Richmond towards that city. Beauregard's troops generally occupying the places left vacant by those who were nearer Virginia. This is the way that troops are generally moved, and we infer from the reports of correspondents that there were large numbers of North Carolina and South Carolina troops in the recent battles. It is probable that the great accessions received by the rebel army at Richmond are of very recent date—in fact, since the retreat from Corinth disengaged the rebel army of the south west. Indeed it is very probable that the evacuation of Corinth was made partly with the design of reinforcing Richmond and annihilating McClellan before he could be largely reinforced. If so, the whole affair would prove the great importance of not wasting time in war, but always striking as soon as the iron is hot.

THE SOUTHERN CROPS.

Quartermaster Dorr, who was taken at Shiloh, and has since been paroled, says that the Southern crops are likely to prove a failure. He writes:—

"The North and North West must prepare to feed the starving thousands of the South. Next winter, if not before, such a wail of distress will go up from the cotton states as has never been equalled by any famine of modern times.

"The two thousand prisoners paroled were set at liberty because the South was unable to feed them—because the people of Montgomery held meetings, and declared to Jeff. Davis that the prisoners must be disposed of—they could not feed them, for they could not procure enough for their own population. Such was the language of the people of Montgomery, and with that message a Committee was despatched to Richmond about the 13th or 15th of May. Back to Governor Shorter came the answer—'parole all privates.'

"The laboring and middle classes are now on the verge of starvation. How can it be otherwise, with flour $16 per barrel, corn $2 per bushel, bacon $35 to $40 per hundred, sugar 35c. per pound, molasses $2,50 per gallon, salt 65c. per pound, and everything else in proportion? Many families have not seen sugar for months, or meat for many weeks.

"*The wheat crop of Alabama, Georgia, and Southern Tennessee, is a bad failure, while the corn crop is everywhere admitted to be far behind what it should be at this season of the year. Many fields of wheat will not yield the seed.*

"Yes, the people of the North must make up their minds to hear the wail of starving thousands from the South next winter, and especially should the diabolical conspirators against the National life and Government be able to raise arms or induce their deluded followers to persist in the system of guerilla fighting which they threaten. 'People are dying of starvation,' said a gentleman from Mobile. 'The poor are starving,' said a mechanic at Montgomery, 'God help us, we are starving, and that's the God's truth,' said the wife of a coal miner near Chattanooga.

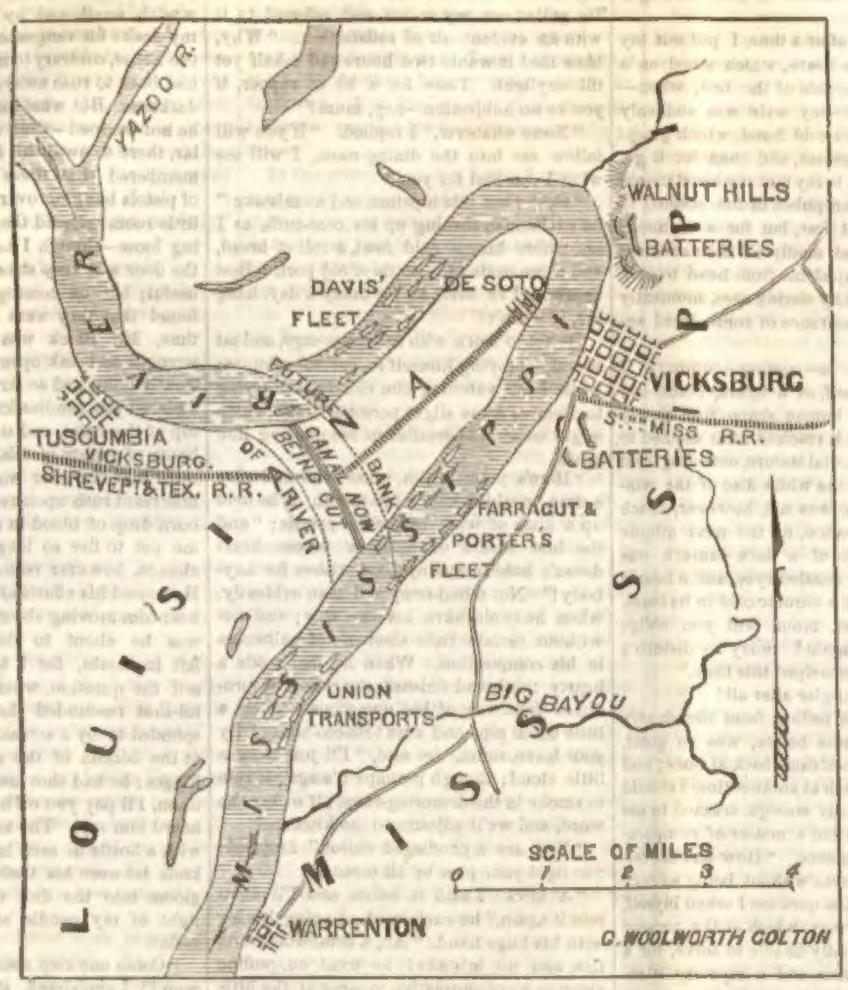
"Nor is this destitution confined to the lower or poorer classes. 'We are living on poor rations,' said a gentleman at Huntsville. The writer took dinner with a wealthy farmer in Tennessee, living in a fine house, sur-

rounded with every appearance of wealth and comfort. *The dinner consisted of corn bread, greens and curded milk.* The Government has crippled the people, and they must starve or be fed by the North."

A private letter from a gentleman who has been travelling through Tennessee, corroborates the above. He says, under date of June 28th:—

"I have now made several trips to Nashville, Pittsburg Landing, and only got in from Memphis yesterday; and, I can assure you there is no description to the misery and God forsaken condition these rebels are in. Their money, what little they have of it, is not worth the paper it is printed on, and they cannot therefore trade, and have either to beg or starve. Why, the last time I was at Eastport, Miss., (30 miles above Pittsburg Landing) two women came aboard of the boat, and offered us $10, in such money as the specimen inclosed, for *one* pound of coffee. I bought the coffee for 25 cents, and gave it to them, to get hold of the notes, for a curiosity. If some of the Southern leaders knew at what a discount their money was held, how they would flare up, and what a fuss they would make. They will have to give in soon, or starve, that is my impression at least, *for the oats crops in Tennessee, Alabama, and also in Mississippi have been entirely eaten up by the rust* and we have to feed them now already to keep them alive, but for all that, they haven't got into that "last ditch" yet, nor do I believe they will for some time to come, unless we get such men as Pope, Nelson and Sigel to force them to do so, which they would in a short time accomplish, if they had the power vested in them to act at their own pleasure, and not be ruled by that plague in the shape of 'red tape.'"

Extracts from some of the rebel papers make the same statements, we believe, as to the wheat and oats, but the corn crop is still left to them. If this last should fail, it certainly would prove a very serious matter to the cotton states. Cut off from their usual supplies in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and west of the Mississippi, corn and rice will have to be their principal support. And though we lay no very great stress upon the probability of being able to "starve out" a people inhabiting such a fertile soil, and so warm a climate, we think the power and efficiency of their armies would be greatly impaired, to say the least, by a failure of the crop of corn, in addition to that of the wheat and oats, already chronicled.



THE PROPOSED "CUT DIRECT" TO BE GIVEN TO VICKSBURG.

The above map shows the situation of Vicksburg, and the plan of Com. Farragut for changing the course of the river so as to leave that rebellious city high and dry inland. Vicksburg is one of the chief outlets for cotton, of which about 100 000 bales are annually exported. It is 400 miles above New Orleans; built on a bluff from 200 to 300 feet in height; has about 5,000 inhabitants, a fine Court House, six churches, and three newspapers.

The bend in the river and the location of Vicksburg are such as to make it practicable to draw the Mississippi three miles from the city, and allow vessels to pass at that distance from the batteries, through a cut-off of three-fourths of a mile in length. Commodore Farragut has placed five or six hundred contrabands to work with picks and shovels.

It is doubtful whether, with the present low stage of water, Commodore Farragut will be able to attain his object, but even if the work was abandoned to-day the 'cut-off' would be finished, if not interfered with, by the next freshet.

The people of Vicksburg have long been in dread lest the steamboat men should attempt what the Federal Government has now taken in hand. While of course the cut would almost ruin Vicksburg, it would be a great benefit to the navigation of the river, and the vast interests connected therewith.

ANOTHER PLAN.

In writing our article relative to the different plans for meeting the difficulty in making change, originating in the different values of paper money and specie, the following plan, suggested by the *Public Ledger*, was overlooked by us. We give it for the consideration of our readers:—

The trading public have it in their power, by united action, to re-establish gold and silver as the measure of prices, and thus release the millions of it hid away and out of circulation, to the relief of the grievance now complained of by the retail trade. Let the dry-goods man, the grocer, the butcher, the marketman, and every other that sells by retail, and who feels hindered in his business by want of change, unite and resolve to price their several commodities on specie values, and when paper is offered, receive it as the difference at the time between it and specie. Whatever the discount on paper may be, add that to the specie price of the commodity, and there is scarcely a doubt that the thousands of gold and silver now banished from circulation because of the base attempts to make it circulate in common with a currency of inferior value, will show itself in use in lively abundance. This is the easiest and only practicable mode of redress, and the sooner it is put in practice, the sooner the annoyance will disappear. Those who hold specie will not give the difference of its value over paper away, but there are hundreds who will willingly exchange it fairly in their purchases. Let those who are in the retail trade give notice that they will sell 16 per cent. cheaper for gold, and 10 per cent cheaper for silver, than they will for the present depreciated paper, and they will speedily effect two good things—increase their business, and improve the currency.

The late Hartman Kuhn, a wealthy, liberal and straightforward gentleman, was in the practice, in times of great scarcity of specie, of buying his market money in coin from the broker, and averred that he made his purchases by the use of his coin, lessened in amount to the extent of the discount on his paper, as advantageously as if he had taken his greater nominal amount of paper directly to the market, while he avoided all the annoyance and comfering attending the use of a depreciated currency, and the no small danger of the seeds of disease that is by some persons thought to be centred in the filthy, greasy and dilapidated small bills, and dirty and inconvenient rolls of cents. The butcher and the market women knew the kind of currency he used, and abated their prices accordingly.

The above plan seems to us open to two objections. First, we think it will not work well in practice; and, secondly, we fear it would have an effect to depreciate still further the value of paper money—including those Treasury notes which constitute such an important portion of the financial resources of the government.

☞ We call attention to the attractive advertisement of T. B. Peterson & Bros. The books are sent free of postage, on receipt of their price.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Les Miserables. Fantine. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. Translated from the original French by Chas. E. Wilbour. Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

This new work of the great French novelist is decidedly the literary event of the year, if not, as the publisher's preface declares, of the century. Heralded as it is by magnificent rumors of its unparalleled success, by assurances that its preparation has absorbed the best thoughts of its author for twenty-five years, and by the practical weight of the price of the copyright—four hundred thousand francs!—it is much to say for the novel if it does not fall flatly on a public thus prepared for its reception. This test it is able to bear. Fiery vigor, burning earnestness permeate and vivify it, and carry the reader resistlessly along. It may not speak unmixed truth; we may revolt from some of its teachings; but here is a man who speaks with all his strength that which he sees, feels, and knows, and brings us face to face with facts and principles which we cannot afford to ignore. As a mere novel, an agreeable work of fiction, "Les Miserables," has not much to offer. It is condemned as "slow" by those who only seek such qualities in books.

Fantine, who gives the title to the work, is not its most prominent nor most interesting character. The story of a girl, innocent in ignorance, who passes step by step down the scale of social and moral degradation till she reaches the last and most hopeless abyss, is rescued thence by gentle and loving hands, and dies sanctified by the spirit of unselfish maternal love that has brooded in her soul through all her degradation,—this story is not the best nor the most striking part of the book, and it is chiefly in this connexion that ideas are brought forward which appear of questionable morality, confounding the limits of right and wrong.

The saintly Bishop Myriel; the hardened and benighted convict Jean Valjean;—these are the characters that stand out most clearly in juxtaposition and in contrast. Valjean, the discharged galley-slave, cast out from the pale of human sympathies, made a wild beast by being treated as one by all men, finds in his sorest need an asylum in the house of the pure, wise, and charitable priest. But the devil within him is but temporarily lulled by the paternal kindness with which he is met, and in the dead of night the demon rouses him, and cries, "Rise, murder, rob!" He stands with murderous intent beside his sleeping benefactor, but he cannot slay him, it is too much. He seizes the silver plate, the only worldly wealth of the humble abode, and escapes with it. He is met by the officers of the law, who drag him back to the Bishop's door. But the good man will not throw away the last, the almost hopeless chance of saving him. He declares that the silver is his gift to the wretched man, and adds to it two costly candlesticks that had escaped his robber hands; then whispers solemnly to him, "Jean Valjean, my brother: you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts, and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

This is the crisis of the convict's life. He felt dimly that henceforth his former life was no longer possible for him. He must become better, or far worse. Must grow to the true stature of manhood, or become a monster, a fiend. But how hard to loosen the chains which twenty years of habitual sin and brutality have riveted upon his soul. Yet the man was still human, and the Divine Love still strove and plead with him, not hopelessly. His struggle, the agony of the resistance of evil to good is depicted with a force that might make one tremble.

From this point we lose sight of Jean Valjean. We meet years afterward a prosperous manufacturer, Monsieur Madeleine. We hear of the "lucky chance" which was the beginning of his fortune. We see him the benefactor of the district where he lives; a preoccupied, gentle, grave man, shunning all but the poor and afflicted whom he can benefit; and we recognize the possibility of the wonderful transformation from demon to angel, from the vile galley-slave to Monsieur Madeleine the Mayor, the good genius of the town. But this life so stormily begun is not to end in quiet peace like this. The eye of the Law, unsleeping and inexorable, has long sought vainly for Jean Valjean. His place in the galleys yawns still for him. At last a man is found to fill it. A poor vagrant called Champmathieu is taken up on suspicion of the theft of a few apples. His likeness to the convict is so strong that three of Valjean's former comrades in the galleys testify to his identity. The case seems plain. The sentence is, the galleys for life. What has Monsieur Madeleine to do with this poor wretch?

This is the second crisis, the second struggle. Shall he take up again the shameful burden so long laid down? Shall he sacrifice the good he is doing, the benevolent plans which lacking his care would fall in the execution, the poor whose very existences seem to hang on his, for the sake of delivering from danger a poor, imbruted wretch, whose career may very possibly end at any rate in the galleys now ready for him? Truly, the devil of this temptation has disguised himself as an angel of light. Madeleine's reason falls back exhausted from the effort to decide the questions racking his tossed and tempted soul; but beyond and above reason reigns the dynamic force of the divine law that urges him onward in the path of sacrifice. It is fulfilled, consummated. No matter how the story closes; we may leave him here, safe at last. Victor Hugo has done a great work in giving this one picture.

The story will, perhaps, be further carried out than we find it here in "Cosette;" the second of the five volumes which constitute the series of "Les Miserables."

A LINE OF BATTLE.

This expression often occurs in referring to the order of troops on the battle field, and it is doubtless the opinion of many that the two armies stand in two lines; but it is not so.

The army is divided into divisions, and there are often great gaps between the divisions. They are posted in positions, or in commanding places—that is, on hills, or in woods, or on the banks of streams, in places where they will be able to resist or attack the enemy. The divisions are usually so placed that they can support one another. You can understand a line of battle pretty well by imagining a regiment here on a hill, another down in the valley, a third in a piece of woods, with artillery and cavalry placed in the best positions. If you want to make it more real, when you are out in the fields or pastures, with the hills all around, just imagine that the enemy is over yonder hill, with ten thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. You are a General, and have an equal number. The enemy will come down that road, spread out into the field, or creep through the woods and attack you. You can't exactly tell how many men he will send on the right, or how many on the centre, or how many on the left; so you must arrange your forces to support each other. Then, to shift it, you are to attack him. You don't know how his troops are arranged, for he keeps them concealed as well as he can. You don't want many of your men killed, but do want to win a victory. Now there is a chance for you to try your skill in planning a line of battle. You must place your artillery where it will do the most damage and receive the least from the enemy. You must move your infantry so that they will not be cut off by the enemy before they get near enough to cut them up in return. You see that it is no small thing to be a general. These are great responsibilities.

The Condition of the Army of the Potomac.—The President, as we are assured by those who know, returned from the Peninsula in much better spirits than he was when he went there. He found that the extent of our disasters had been, as is not unusually done in such cases, much exaggerated, and that the present condition of things was much better than was represented. He found that our loss in killed, wounded, missing and prisoners, did not exceed, according to the official figures, 10,400 men. He found that the army on the James was much stronger in point of numbers than official accounts sent to Washington represented it; and he found the men in excellent heart and eager for the words, "Forward, march."—*Tribune*.

Letter from a Southern Lady.

We have received the following letter from a lady belonging to the family of an old subscriber in Virginia:

July 2d, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Last week I stepped in our new post-office in this place, which has lately been opened in an empty bank, to call for letters, and was most agreeably surprised to have a package of *Evening Posts* handed me. It was like meeting with an old familiar friend—one I have known from childhood—and from whom I have been separated this last terrible twelve months. I write to express our great joy at the sight of your paper, and to tell you we appreciate your kindness and honor in sending it on as you have. Shut in as we have been here for the past year, it is indeed a great treat to get hold of a truthful family newspaper. The *Post* has been a favorite paper of ours for many years. It was a *mystery* to us how the Federal army kept on advancing for a while, when our papers claimed all the victories, and have always told us one southerner can whip five "Yankees." We were forced to believe the "*cowards*" had some magic way of gaining ground after being soundly thrashed.

Dispatches from Richmond bring accounts of a brilliant victory gained there lately by the Confederates.

Let me look around and see where now will we find many of our brave Virginia boys, who were going to do such wonders for us in defending our "homes and firesides." Not in the army, as we expected. Very many have either slipped out of their companies, or have hired substitutes for which they pay $500 and upwards. Those that have left the army have an uncomfortable time. They are hiding around, afraid of being taken up by the Federal soldiers or of being picked up by their own and carried back to camp.

This part of the country is still in a very unsettled state. Families suspected of Union sentiments have had a "Reign of Terror." They have been shamefully treated, but they have stuck to their principles at the risk of losing life, liberty and property, and all those men who were arrested and taken from this town and county are still languishing in prison, with no hopes of being released till the war is over. Prisoners of war can be exchanged, but the poor political prisoner, can nothing be done for him? They were torn from their families and all that was dear to them, and hurried off without a trial. The soldiers were sent after them by some of their neighbors. Such acts of kindness deserve to be rewarded. Those that escaped imprisonment or going in the army, did so by running off in season. None have been permitted to remain at home and put in crops.

The country is now in a deplorable state. The "stampede of contrabands" to ——, from the surrounding country still continues unabated. Their loyalty is now put to the test. Some take their master's horses and wagons with them. Many families are left without a servant; with such conveniences as most people have here, it will be hard, indeed, at the rate they are leaving now. I fear there will be none left in the course of a few months.

Our shinplaster money is another source of trouble. It is not an easy matter to pass a corporation note even in the town. Our own merchants take them very reluctantly, and at heavy discount. If you are going to buy an article in our town now you must tell what kind of money you are going to pay for it with before you can know the price. At the "Yankee" stores, which line —— street, it is almost impossible to pass one at all. We have some little gold and silver in circulation. People look at it curiously. I am happy to say the *reign of rye and wheat coffee* is on the wane—it is no improvement on the genuine article. Things still sell high, but the prices are reasonable compared with the exorbitant ones we had to pay some time ago.

Some of the ladies manifest a most decided hate for the old flag, and will walk out in the mud rather than go under it, and it is religiously believed by many that the Confederates will retake this place. What reasons they have for thinking so I am not able to tell.

We have heavy showers every few days, consequently all nature looks very beautiful and green. The flowers are blooming, the birds sing sweetly, fruit is plentiful, but who can enjoy them, with one dear member of the family shut out from all these pleasant sights and sounds, wearing the tedious time away in a prison, living on the coarsest, scanty fare. "Oh! liberty! what is life without thee—a drag, a useless thing."

The one this paper is sent to is not here to read it. I shall never forget that terrible night when we were awakened from sound slumber to find the house surrounded with soldiers. May we never again go through such another scene. This is truly one of the most unnatural, detestable wars. The suffering that is endured is too horrible to think of without making one like that philosopher who could never look upon mankind without shedding tears.

These seem like strange times; most of the Union families have a broken up, unsettled look, and nearly all have some dear friend absent. The circle is broken. Oh! there have been some sad, sad partings.

A few years ago few could have been made to believe these unhappy times would come, and that our glorious republic would be now involved in a bloody civil war. Situated as we are here, we have experienced many of its sad realities, but we live in hopes of better days. Respectfully yours, Kate.

☞ Impromptu toast recently given in a saloon by a loyal Canadian—present several Americans and Nova Scotians:—

"May the Rose of England never blow,
The Thistle of Scotland never grow;
May the Harp of Ireland never play,
'Till the Stars and Stripes have won the day"

Received with much applause and satisfaction.

☞ An absent wife is thus advertised for: "Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of the children, your husband, your parents. Return, return; all may be well. At any rate return the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

☞ We embark in the cradle for a long voyage; in the coffin for a far longer one.

☞ Intention.—The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown to a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me, the action is very wrong.—*Johnson.*

☞ A farmer's boy advertises in a Kentucky paper for a wife. He says:

"He wants to know if she can milk,
And make his bread and butter,
And go to meeting without silk,
To make a show and splutter;
He'd like to know if it would hurt
Her hands to take up stitches,
Or sew the buttons on his shirt,
Or make a pair of breeches."

☞ A man in Rochester, who has suffered from duns, makes the following proposition: That in order to save time and unnecessary trouble, he will stand one hour each day for one week at a certain corner of the town, where all who feel anxious to harrass his quiet by asking impertinent questions, may have the opportunity of a hearing, always providing, that the remainder of each day shall not be disturbed by applications of any kind. The plan is excellent.

☞ The following affecting epitaph was copied from the headboard of a rebel soldier's grave in the Wesleyan Cemetery, St. Louis:—

"Here lies a stranger braiv,
who died while fitin the Suthern Confederacy to save.
piece to his Dust.
braiv Suthern frend
from ilaad 10
you reached a Glory us end.
we plase these flowrs above the stranger's hed
In honor of the shiverlys ded
Swet spirit rest in hevan
There'll be no Yankees there."

☞ A missionary in the Chinese waters having distributed several copies of the Ten Commandments on shore, they were sent back the next day with the request that they be distributed among the French and English; "for," said the Chinese, "the tracts contain admirable doctrines, and these people evidently much need them." The Chinese were right—although the Eleventh Commandment, "Mind your own business," ought to be included with the Ten.

☞ David thus describes the gentleman: "He that walketh upright, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

☞ Hair Nets.—The pretty hair nets which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity, are only revivals of a fashion which prevailed to an equal extent in the fourteenth century, when the ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, which then bore the fanciful name of "dovecots." We do not see why the rural appellation should not have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged.

☞ "All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

The reports received from the Governors of the different states show very conclusively that there is no truth in the false reports which are circulating, that it will be necessary to resort to drafting.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. POPE'S ARMY.

FROM TENNESSEE.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

Warrenton, Va., July 13.—Gen. Hatch's command entered Culpeppa, yesterday, and attacked and repulsed about 100 rebel cavalry, said to belong to the 8th Louisiana regiment, killing one, wounding five, and taking 11 prisoners. Among the latter was a lieutenant, who, a few hours before, was seen within our lines, and a German who had three times broken his parole. Two horses were also captured. Our loss was three slightly wounded.

From Tennessee.

Nashville, July 13.—Between 3,000 and 4,000 Georgia and Texas guerillas, under Col. Forrest, attacked the 11th Michigan and 3d Minnesota regiments in Murfreesboro' early this morning. Desperate fighting ensued. At 8 o'clock this afternoon the Michigan troops have surrendered. The Minnesota regiment was strongly entrenched, and cut up the enemy terribly with Hewett's Kentucky battery, repulsing them with great slaughter, in three charges. Flags of truce were sent in by Forrest, demanding a surrender. Col. Leslie replied that he could hold his position for a week.

The railroad track was torn up, but has been replaced.

An attack on Nashville is not improbable. Col. Leslie is reported as falling back on Nashville.

Cannonading has been repeatedly heard here. Col. Boone has arrived with several companies.

Later.—Murfreesboro has been taken by the rebels, consisting principally of Texan Rangers under Forrest, but was shelled by our batteries. The 9th Michigan regiment was captured, but the 3d Minnesota with their battery was still holding out at the last accounts.

Brigadier Generals Duffield and Crittenden, of Indiana, were captured.

There is great excitement at Nashville, and an attack is expected. The troops here will give the best fight possible, and if compelled to yield, will shell the city. A battery is in position for that emergency.

Louisville, July 13—Midnight.—Reports just received, state that the main body of Morgan's guerillas were at Rough and Ready, 9 miles south of Frankfort, at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Our informant says that the State Archives are being removed from the capital.

Miscellaneous.

The rebels have left the front of our army in the Peninsula, and are expected to be heard from in another quarter.

On the 9th inst. Gen. Burnside, with his troops, arrived at Newport News, Va. At that time it was rumored that the rebel Gen. Magruder was moving down the Peninsula.

The Daniel Webster, while passing Fort Powhatan James river, was fired into by the rebels, but sustained no injury.

News from Mobile state that Mobile bay has been completely obstructed. A ditch has been dug entirely around the city, its inner bank being defended by breastworks and batteries.

The rebels have captured Memphis, in the northern part of Missouri, and taken about 90 Union citizens prisoners.

A fight occurred at New Hope, Nelson county, Ky., between 450 rebel cavalry and the 35th Ohio regiment. The rebels were defeated. The rebels have robbed the Commercial Bank of Lebanon, and burned the town.

Gen. Hindman has ordered all the inhabitants near Gauley Bridge, Arkansas, to burn their provisions and shoot their cattle. Gen. Curtis has divided his forces, one portion being between Cash and White rivers and the other east of Cash river, 75 miles from Memphis.

It is understood that the term of enlistment for the 300 000 volunteers for three years is to be reduced to one year.

The Senate passed the Confiscation Bill on Saturday.

The President has appointed Major General of Volunteers, Pope, now in command of the Department of Virginia, a Brigadier General in the regular army, vice John E. Wool, promoted.

News from New Orleans to the 4th instant has been received. Gen. Butler has suspended the functions of the City Councils. Provisions, vegetables, and fruit are freely allowed to come into the city by vessels. The new cotton plant has arrived in the city. A number of military arrests have been made. Shipping is active. Two British gunboats are in port. About twenty prominent citizens of Baton Rouge have been arrested; some took the oath of allegiance and were released, others were imprisoned. Governor Moore has issued a proclamation urging continued resistance to the United States Government. The State Capitol has been removed to Opelousas. The health of New Orleans is generally good, but few cases of yellow fever having occurred.

Interview of the President with the Slave State Congressmen.—He urged upon them, it is said, his plan of gradual emancipation, and hinted strongly that if this plan was not adopted, general emancipation would come, under less pleasant circumstances.

☞ As nothing can be more conductive to security, so nothing can better insure a quiet and pleasant life, than to live innocently, and upon no occasion to violate the common covenants of peace and propriety.

☞ Sydney Smith says that mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

☞ A wooden-legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier near him. The soldier "grinned and bore it" like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentation. Being rebuked by the wounded soldier, he replied, "Oh, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear it. Your leg didn't cost you anything, and will heal up; but I paid $200 cash for mine."

☞ Petitions are circulating among the sailors of the navy against the bill now before Congress abolishing the grog ration. One of the memorials contains the following sentence: "There is not on record a case of crime, or even intoxication, caused by the grog rations. It is only two little gills a day, just enough to kill the causes of bad food. Gallons are scarce now, but what tar would enter the navy which denies him two gills of whiskey, and makes him put up with rotten pork without a murmur?"

WIFE AND I.

I.

We quarrell'd this morning, my wife and I.
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes, you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth,—
Not a wedded man and woman.

II.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

III.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

IV.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

V.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness herself reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble too,
And very contrite and loving.

VI.

But, seeing I acted a humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart,—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost felt in passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

VII.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest neck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with their warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh,—and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

VIII.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
And teach us a rough humility.

IX.

You see, we love one another so well,
That we find more comfort than you can tell,
In jingling our bells and corals;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear,
That we need such trivial quarrels.

X.

In the great fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like brave strong man and woman;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.

XI.

Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
Were nature less wise as a mother;
And with storms like ours there must flutter out
From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other!

R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

MISS FYFE'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was at a Ramsgate boarding-house, and no longer ago than last autumn, that my wife and I first made the acquaintance of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there, with her maid, for the season, and my wife and she soon became quite intimate, so that after a time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings in our room. She was a pleasant companion, cheerful and good-natured; she had travelled much, both at home and abroad, and had hived up rich stores of information and experience, which she was always willing to draw upon for the benefit of her friends. In person, she was tall and thin, with gray hair, a strong, resolute face, and large gray eyes, full of vivacity and humor. We were all seated round the fire in our sitting-room, one chill evening in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related to us the following adventure, which, I may here remark, I have her full permission to set down and make public:

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew, Fred, having just left college came to reside with me for a short time previous to going out to India. I had been living for a year past in London, and had grown heartily tired of it; indeed, the town and I never agree very well together, and by the time I have been in it a month or two, I always find myself possessed with an intense longing to visit either the country or the sea. So, in the present instance, I determined to go down for a while to a little country-house I have in Leicestershire, which happened at that time to be without a tenant, at which place it was arranged that Fred should join me. The idea of a few quiet months in the country was as pleasant to him as to myself, for he was busy with his Sanscrit and Arabic, and in London he had so many acquaintances, that his studies were being constantly interrupted. The beginning of June found us all comfortably established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Fred, and the two women-servants, which were all that our little establishment needed. There was one fault to find with Ivy Lodge, and that was the reason why I could never keep a tenant in it more than two winters in succession; this fault was its distance from any other habitation, even of the humblest kind; the nearest house being, in fact, two miles away, while it was six miles distance from the nearest country town. But neither Fred nor I cared for this in the least, for he got on famously with his studies within doors, and botanised to his heart's content in the fields; while a visit to Westbury once a week satisfied all my social requirements.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly and pleasantly away. One morning in early winter, Fred received a letter inviting him to attend the wedding of an old college friend, who lived about thirty miles away in another county. Fred replied, accepting the invitation, and set off shortly afterwards without fixing the duration of his visit, which would probably extend over three or four days. On the second morning of Fred's absence, Mary, the house-maid, came to me to inquire whether I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for the afternoon and evening to attend the wakes at Westbury. I made no demur at letting them go, for they had been cooped up long enough without a holiday; so in the afternoon they were called for by Mary's father, and duly driven away by him in his light cart. Before going, the old man observed that it would "most likely be rather late at night before the lasses could get back again, but perhaps I wouldn't mind it for once."

"If they are likely to be very late," I said, "it will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast."

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning. The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time, that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the bank on the previous day for a certain purpose, and which was still lying untouched upstairs.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of much consideration. Besides, Wolf, the large house-dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises. Then, again, who was to know I had been to the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went indoors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea; after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling the need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred had brought me from Westbury a few days before. It was *The Night-Side of Nature*, a volume with which you are probably well acquainted. Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country house, it was, with its strange narrative of apparitions and ghostly appearances, one of the worst books I could have chosen to read before going to bed. I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it; and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when, looking up, I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve. I shut the book, and rose at once to go to bed. "How about Wolf?" I said to myself. "Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained to his kennel? I would have him indoors for the night, only I know he would do nothing but scamper up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question."

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard-door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment, I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlor into the darker parts of the house. I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively, and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf. "I have had a slight cold for the last two days," I said to myself, "and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night-air." Having found so reasonable an excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp, and lighted my bedroom candle without further parley; and carrying in my hand a little tisane, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously on my journey upstairs. I say slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my progress upward, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder, expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something; perhaps a black, formless, crouching creature, stealing noiselessly up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom hand protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glaring over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips. Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone upstairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But, thank Heaven! here was my bedroom at last. One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. "How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears," I said; "but, in any case, I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge."

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors vanished in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentiment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out my hand to reach the tisane, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed, when—horror of horrors!—my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death-cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulses of life seemed to stand still in awful fear, but for a moment; the next, they burst madly on their courses; a cold sweat wrapped me from head to foot, and I lay with wildly staring eyes, momently expecting the appearance of some dread apparition.

"Yes, there it is—coming—coming!" I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window-blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, a voice with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed:—"Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time."

Only a vulgar burglar after all!

The revulsion of feeling, from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great, that all my *sang froid* came back at once; and a predicament which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at that moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence. "How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or heard?" was the first question I asked myself, a question, by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it was then, and a mystery it remains.

"If you had only written to say you were coming, I would have sat up for you," I said, aloud.

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied, with a grin. "Are you going to get up?"

"Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes."

"None of your tricks, now!" he said, roughly, "'cos I won't stand 'em."

"You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady."

"Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow!" So saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully, both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to show it: to treat such a man with polite audacity, if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

"I am at your service," I said in a couple of minutes or so.

"Then light your candle, and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that gimcrack watch of yours: I always had a fancy for a lady's ticker."

"You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times, when you wind it up, or you may break the spring," I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened, and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and a fur-cap. He wore a thick woolen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep both eyes and ears open, to note any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him. It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when, for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor. It was almost hoping without hope, but still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and might not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me.—When we reached the foot of the stairs, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said:

"Stop a moment. Let us pay our first visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'nice some rosewood desk, in which, at the present moment, there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns, and the remainder in flimseys—numbers all known, no doubt, but still disposable in the proper quarter."

How, in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information?

There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escritoire, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his vest pocket.

"Now, this is what I calls a comfortable way of doing business," he said; "no fuss, no bother, no cries nor tears—business-like and proper. I hate folk that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!"

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and, sorrow of sorrows, my cherished silver teapot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black produced from one of his pockets. "There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you," he said, as he disposed of the last article. "And it's truly thankful I am that I came here without a pal, or else I should have had to go shares with him. I knew I could crack a little crib like this by myself—it's child's play, that's what it is."—He pulled out my watch, and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. "Why, blow me! it wants two hours and a-half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no objection—hey, mum?"

"None whatever," I replied. "If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you."

"Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, turning up his coat-cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port. "Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me, if it ain't!"

He set to work with savage energy, and sat silently enjoying himself for several minutes; while I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter in recognizing him again.

"Here's your health, mum!" he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; "and the best wishes of a fellow whose heart doesn't hold too many good wishes for anybody!" Not a bad-tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rude elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine, he produced from one of his numerous pockets a little black pipe and a tin tobacco-box. "By your leave, mum," he said, "I'll just blow a little cloud; though perhaps it's against rule to smoke in the drorering-room; if so, say the word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen."

"You are a privileged visitor," I replied; "so light your pipe by all means."

"A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again," he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. "Ah, a comfortable crib this, and no mistake!" he went on, puffing away in a contemplative manner at the little pipe, "and I wouldn't mind if I was master here. What do you say, mum? You're in wants of a husband, and I'm in wants of a wife—shall we make a splice of it? You're not quite so young and tender as you have been, you know; but I'll treat you well, and do everything that's right and proper by you; for I'm blessed if you're not the style of woman I'd pick out of a thousand: no sentimental nonsense about you, but plenty of gumption; and then you know how to make a chap comfortable. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain?" He leered at me with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

"Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present," I said, "and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you."

He burst into a great roar of laughter, and slapped his leg again.

"Why, it's my full-dress evening suit that I've got on!" he exclaimed; "and I thought I looked quite fascinating in it. Well, if you won't have me, you won't; there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more wine instead; there's more where this came from, I suppose?"

"Yes, plenty more in the cellar."

"Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood. Take a candle, and lead the way, if you please."

Taking a candle in one hand, and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way towards the cellar, my black-visaged friend following closely in my rear. The wine-cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of stone stairs, which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of this flight of stairs was a slight door, partly made of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door, and we both entered the cellar, a small vaulted apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright in. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr. Black:—"Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; perhaps that will suit you best."

"Couldn't improve on the last lot. But I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha, ha!—you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and I'll crack another up stairs before I go."

"You have such a polite way of making your wishes known," I said, "that I find it impossible to refuse you."

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick out some bottles from the lower tier; while he was thus stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what had happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double-locked the door behind me. In doing this, I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and I now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds. Mr. Black quickly picked himself up, with many oaths, from among the broken bottles, and stumbled towards the door. "What fool's trick is this?" he shouted through the keyhole. "Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!" But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly relighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back-door, and unfastening it, called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf; but hearing no growl of recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there, by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by that miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man: the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed up in a great measure in my desire for vengeance, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped—shut up securely in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was generally a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had little fear of it, for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. All this time, Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by with my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn drop of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so long as there remained a chance, however remote, of capturing him. He ceased his efforts after a time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me; the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its hinges; he had shot away the bolt. "Now, mum, I'll pay you off for your little trick!" I heard him say. The next instant I saw him, with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance to the cellar.

"Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!" I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamp-black with which his face was smeared, as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and dropping the bottles, he shrunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

"Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!" he exclaimed, with a wretched attempt at a laugh. "I said all along that you was a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come up stairs. Let bygones be bygones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell."

"Come a step nearer at your peril!" I said. "You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money: you are a coward and a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you into the custody of the police."

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight, for much as he feared the police, he feared a bullet infinitely more.

"If he only knew that the pistols are not loaded!" I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he should next adopt. At length he spoke again:

"Let you and me be reasonable now," he said; "let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and—"

"Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs."

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink at the contents.—What I dreaded more than anything was, that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I still stood resolutely on the topmost stair, peering down into the darkness with eyes that never turned away, and holding a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently the first result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. "Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow!" I heard him mutter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked the first cold streak of daylight which stole in after a time, and seemed to whisper that deliverance was at hand!

Two or three times more did Mr. Black appeal, now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply was a warning to him not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed. Then I heard more bottles broken, and I knew that he was drinking himself either into a state of frenzy or a state of helplessness. How slowly the morning advanced! it seemed as though it would never be seven o'clock.—Every bone in my body got to ache terribly long before my weary watch was over; at intervals there danced before my eyes a strange phantasmagoria of figures, red, blue, and flame-colored; then my prisoner below would growl and whine like a wild beast in its lair, and recall my flagging attention to the duty before me. When seven o'clock struck, I was weary almost to fainting; but help was near; for, a few minutes later, Bessy and Mary drove up in a light cart, escorted by a stalwart cousin of the latter. I rushed to the door, and opened it as quickly as my trembling fingers would let me, and in a few words everything was told. The stalwart cousin was not to be alarmed by a dozen Mr. Blacks, but walked unconcernedly down stairs to see him, and there found him so helplessly drunk that no precaution was needed to keep him in safety till a constable arrived, who took him into custody and conveyed him to the nearest jail.

☞ There is something like enchantment in the sound of the word *youth*, and the calmest heart, at every season of life, beats in double time with it.

NORAH.

Bright, in thy tresses, rare jewels entwine,
Norah, my Queen;
Dimmed is their glare by those bright eyes of thine,
Norah, my Queen;
Wave thy white hand in thy maidenly pride,—
Sceptre right regal; what mortal would dare
It to enfetter by ring of a bride,
Braving the scorn of thy beauty's cold glare?
Norah, my Queen.

Blend thy soft voice with music's proud strain,
Norah, my Queen;
Harshly it grates on thy gentle refrain,
Norah, my Queen;
Trample the homage thy worshippers pay,
Norah; what pity can majesty feel!
Subjects are born but thy will to obey,—
Torture me, kill me, I never will kneel,
Norah, my Queen.

Dash down the jewels, the revel is done,
Norah, my Queen;
All have paid homage excepting the one,
Norah, my Queen;
Why! thou art dimming the bright gems with dew;
Drooping, thy hand needs support of the ring;
Royal eyes weeping; this never will do;
Thou canst be Queen; but I must be King,
Norah, my Queen.

—*Monitor.*

A SCENE IN NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.—On December 5, under such intense cold that I could not sit my horse, but was forced to run by its side, I noticed a deserted peasant sledge in a wide plain of snow. The Cossacks I had with me curiously raised the canvas covering, and I went up to it. The sight I witnessed was fearful. A dead officer, both of whose feet had been shot off, was lying by the side of the corpses of two little girls, who must have been frozen or starved to death, for they held some strips of raw horseflesh in their rigid hands, which the frost had rendered hard as stone. Crouching in one corner was a lady, wrapped up in costly velvets and dirty horsecloths, almost a skeleton through hunger and cold, but yet displaying regular features and large black eyes, from which all animation, however, had disappeared. In a faint voice she implored food for a babe, which she held tightly pressed to her bosom with both hands, in order to warm it. When she showed it to us, in order the more to excite our compassion, this babe was also a corpse. The despair of excessive sorrow at this moment seized on the unhappy mother, she uttered a heartrending cry, and then, with a strength and rapidity hardly to be expected from so utterly exhausted a woman, she tore a pistol from the belt of a Cossack and blew her brains out. As I learned afterwards from papers found in the sledge, it was the family of a French colonel of artillery, which had thus miserably perished. Only too many such cases occurred.—*From a Recent Work.*

CASH AND CREDIT.—It is an important element of success in life to acquire the habit of being beforehand with whatever you undertake. We can, perhaps, better illustrate what we mean by an example taken from another branch of the subject. There are two friends, gentlemen of large means, whose estates and whose annual incomes are about equal. One of these is always short of money, buys everything on credit that he can command, often when travelling he has to borrow money to take him home, and really has to make as many turns and shifts to get along as if he were poor. All simply because he lives twelve months on the wrong side of his income. The other man, whose annual income and expenses are about the same as those of his neighbor, never has open account but everything for cash, and always has a plenty of money in his pocket, and a plenty more in the bank, and is apparently without a care in the world, so far as money is concerned. All simply because he lives twelve months on the right side of his income.

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best purpose, it being intended to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noise or sounds from without would but decompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses and the decay of the frame in old age, have been wisely ordained, in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a perfect state of existence.

FRUGALITY.—In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything—not for their own use, for that would make them selfish, but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates; but never allow them to destroy anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be as comfortable with a little, as others can be with much.—*Frugal Housewife.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Some persons appear surprised when they discover that there is no real friendship in this world. There is no cause for wonder. Where the least possible taint of vice exists, there cannot be perfect friendship. Discord and vice are inseparable. The attraction of mutual interest sometimes plasters up a seeming friendship, but the author of Christianity gave the only true definition of friendship—"Make them one in us, as we are one." Short of this, there is no pure friendship.

WHY THEIR CREEDS DIFFERED.

BY ELIZA SEROAT BANDOLPH.

Bedded in stone a toad lived well,
Cold and content as toad could be!
As safe from harm as monk in cell,
Almost as safe from good was he.

And "What is life?" he said, and dozed;
Then, waking, "Life is rest," quoth he:
"Each creature God in stone hath closed,
That each may have tranquillity.

"And God himself lies coiled in stone,
Nor wakes nor moves to any call;
Each lives unto himself alone,
And cold and night envelope all."

He said, and slept. With curious ear
Close to the stone, a serpent lay.
"'Tis false," he hissed with crafty sneer,
"For well I know God wakes alway.

"And what is life but wakefulness,
To guide through snares, alert and wise—
With plans too deep for neighbors' guess,
And haunts too close for neighbors' eyes?

"For all the earth is thronged with foes,
And dark with fraud, and set with toils:
Each lies in wait, on each to close,
And God is bribed with share of spoils."

High in the boughs a small bird sang,
And marvelled such a creed could be.
"How strange and false!" this comment rang;
"For well I know that life is glee.

"For all the plain is flushed with bloom,
And all the wood with music rings,
And in the air is scarcely room
To wave our myriad flashing wings.

"And God, amid His angels high,
Spreads over all in brooding joy;
On great wings borne, entranced they lie;
And all is bliss without alloy."

"Ah, careless birdling, say'st thou so?"
Thus mused a man, the trees among:
"Thy creed is wrong; for well I know
That life must not be spent in song.

"For what is life but toil of brain,
And toil of hand, and strife of will—
To dig and forge, with loss and pain,
The truth from lies, the good from ill—

"And over out of self to rise
Toward love and law and constancy?
But with sweet love comes sacrifice,
And with great law comes penalty.

"And God, who asks a constant soul,
His creatures tries both sore and long:
Steep is the way, and far the goal,
And time is small to waste in song."

He sighed. From heaven an angel yearned:
With equal love his glances fell
Upon the man with soul upturned,
Upon the toad within its cell.

And, strange! upon that wondrous face
Shone pure all natures, well allied:
There subtlety was turned to grace,
And slow content was glorified;

And labor, love and constancy
Put off their dross and mortal guise,
And with the look that is to be
They looked from those immortal eyes.

To the faint man the angel strong
Reached down from heaven and shared his pain:
The one in tears, the one in song,
The cross was borne betwixt them twain.

He sang the ceaseless bliss that lies
In woodbird's heart without alloy;
He sang the song of sacrifice:
And still he sang, "*All* life is joy."

But how, while yet he clasped the pain,
Thrilled through with bliss the angel smiled,
I know not, with my human brain,
Nor how the two he reconciled.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LVII.

A GHOST AGAIN.

Minds are constituted differently, as was exemplified in the case under immediate notice. While one of Mr. Galloway's first thoughts, on the receipt of Roland Yorke's letter, was to rush round to Lady Augusta's with the news, half in an angry, half in a reproachful spirit, Arthur Channing was deliberating how they could contrive to keep it from her. The one was actuated by a worldly, the other by a Christian spirit.

Mr. Galloway at length ate his long-delayed dinner that evening, and then he put on his hat, and, with Roland's letter to him safe in his pocket, went out again to call on Lady Augusta. It happened, however, that Lady Augusta was not at home.

She had gone to dine at Colonel Joliffe's, a family who lived some distance from Helstonleigh, necessitating an early departure from her home, if she would be in time for their six o'clock dinner. It had thus occurred that when the afternoon's post arrived, Lady Augusta was in all the bustle and scuffle of dressing; and Lady Augusta was one of those who are, and must be, in a scuffle, if they are going any where beyond common.

Martha was busy assisting, and the cook brought up two letters.

"Both for my lady," she said, giving them into Martha's hand.

"I have no time for letters now," called out my lady. "Put them into my drawer, Martha."

Martha did as she was bid, and Lady Augusta departed. She returned home pretty late, and the letters remained in their receptacle untouched.

Of course, to retire to rest late, necessitated, with Lady Augusta Yorke, the rising late the subsequent morning. About eleven o'clock she descended to breakfast. A letter on the breakfast-table brought to her remembrance the letters of the previous night, and she sent Martha for them. Looking at their superscriptions, she perceived one of them to be from Roland; the other from Lord Carrick; and she laid them by her to be opened presently.

"Mr. Galloway called last night, my lady," observed Martha.

"Oh, did he?" said Lady Augusta.

"He said he wanted to see your ladyship particularly. But I said you were gone to Colonel Joliffe's."

Barely had Lady Augusta tasted her coffee, the letters still lying unopened at her side, when William Yorke entered, having just left the cathedral.

"This is a terrible blow, Lady Augusta," he observed, as he took a seat.

"What's a blow?" returned Lady Augusta. "Will you take a cup of coffee, William?"

"Have you not heard of it?" he replied, declining the coffee by a gesture. "I thought it probable that you would have received news from Roland?"

"A letter arrived from Roland last night," she said, drawing forward the letter in question. "What is the matter? Will there be bad news in it? What have you heard?"

Mr. Yorke entertained not the slightest doubt that the letter now before him must contain the same confession which had been conveyed to Arthur and to Mr. Galloway. He deemed it better that she should hear it from him, than read it unprepared. He bent towards her, and spoke in a low tone of compassion.

"I fear that the letter does contain bad news; very bad news, indeed. Ro—"

"Good heavens! what has happened to him?" she interrupted, falling into a fit of excitement, just as Roland himself might have done. "Is he ill? Has he got hurt? Has he got killed?"

"Now, pray calm yourself, Lady Augusta. Roland is well in health, and has sailed for Port Natal, under what he considers favorable auspices. He—"

"Then why in the world do you come terrifying me out of my wits with your tales, William Yorke?" she broke forth. "I declare you are no better than a child."

"Nay, Lady Augusta, you terrified yourself, jumping to conclusions. Though Roland is safe and sound, there is still some very disagreeable news to be told concerning him. He has been making a confession of bad behaviour."

"Oh," said Lady Augusta, in a tone which seemed to signify "Is that all?" as if bad behaviour and Roland might have some affinity for each other. William Yorke bent his head nearer, and dropped his voice lower.

"In that mysterious affair of the banknote, when Arthur Channing was accused—"

"Well? well?" she hastily repeated,—for he had made a slight pause—and a tone of dread, like a shadow of evil might be detected in her accents.

"It was Roland who took the note."

Lady Augusta jumped up. She *would* not believe it.

"It is not true! it cannot be true!" she reiterated. "How dare you to asperse him, William Yorke? Thoughtless as Roland is, he would not be guilty of dishonor."

"He has written the full particulars both to Arthur Channing and to Mr. Galloway," said Mr. Yorke, calmly. "I have no doubt that letter to you also relates to it. He confesses that the clearing of Arthur was a great motive in taking him from Helstonleigh."

Lady Augusta seized the letter and tore it open. She was too agitated to read calmly, but she saw enough to convince her that Roland, and no other, had appropriated the money. This must have been the matter he had obscurely hinted at in one of his last conversations with her. The letter was concluded very much after Roland's own fashion.

"Now, mother, if you care that anything in the shape of honor should ever shine round me again, you'll go off straight to the college school, and set Tom Channing right with it and with the masters. And if you don't, and I get drowned on my voyage, I'll not say but my ghost will come again and haunt everybody who has had to do with the injustice."

Ghosts were not agreeable topics to Lady Augusta, and she gave a shriek at the suggested thought. But that was as nothing, compared with her anger. Honorable in the main—hot, hasty, impulsive, losing all judgment, all self-control, when these fits of excitement came upon her—it is more than probable that her own course would have been to fly to the college school, unprompted by Roland. A sense of justice was strong within her; and in setting Tom right she would not spare Roland, her own son though he was.

Before William Yorke knew what she was about, she had flown up stairs and was down again with her things on. Before he could catch her up, she was across the Boundaries, entering the cloisters, and knocking at the door of the college school.

There she broke in upon that interesting investigation, touching the inked surplice.

Bywater, who seemed to think she had arrived for the sole purpose of setting at rest the question of the phial's ownership, and not being troubled with any superfluous ideas of circumlocution, eagerly held out the pieces to her when she was yards from the desk.

"Do you know this, Lady Augusta? Isn't it Gerald's?"

"Yes, it is Gerald's," replied she. "He took it out of my desk one day in the summer, though I told him not, and I never could get it back again. Have you been denying that it was yours?" she sternly added, to Gerald. "Bad luck to ye, then, for a false boy! You are going to take a leaf out of your brother Roland's pattern, are ye? Haven't I had enough of you bad boys on my hands, but there must something fresh come up about one or the other of ye every day that the sun rises? Mr. Pye, I have come, by Roland's wish, and by my own, to set the young Channings right with the school. You took the senlorship from Tom, believing that it was his brother Arthur who robbed Mr. Galloway. Not but what I thought somebody else would have had that seniorship, ye know!"

In the present mood of Lady Augusta, had any one of her sons committed a murder, she must have proclaimed it, though it had been to condemn him to condign punishment. She had not come to shield Roland, and she did not care, in her anger, how bad she made him out to be, or whether she did it in Irish or English. The head master could only look at her with astonishment. He also believed her visit must have reference to the matter in hand.

"It is true, Lady Augusta. But for the suspicion cast upon his brother, Channing would not have lost the seniorship," said the master, ignoring the hint touching himself.

"And all of ye"—turning round to face the wondering school—"have been ready to fling ye're stones at Tom Channing, like the badly brought up boys that ye are! *I* have heard of it. And my two, Gerald and Tod, the worst of ye at the game. You may look, Mr. Tod, but I'll be after giving ye a jacketing for ye're pains. Let me tell ye all, that it was not Tom Channing's brother took the bank-note: it was *their* brother—Gerald's and Tod's! It was my ill-doing boy, Roland, who took it!"

Nobody knew where to look. Some looked at her ladyship; some at the head master; some at the Reverend William Yorke, who stood pale and haughty; some at Gerald and Tod; some at Tom Channing. Tom did not appear to regard it as news; he seemed to have known it before; the excessive astonishment painted upon every other face was absent from his. But half the school did not understand Lady Augusta. None understood her fully.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said the head master. "I do not comprehend what it is that you are talking about."

"Not comprehend!" repeated her ladyship. "Don't I speak plain? My unhappy son Roland has confessed that it was he who stole the bank-note that so much fuss has been made about, and that Arthur Channing was taken up for. You two may look and frown"—nodding to Gerald and Tod—"but it was your own brother who was the thief; Arthur Channing was innocent. I'm sure I shan't look a Channing in the face for months to come. Tell them about it in a straightforward way, William Yorke."

Mr. Yorke, thus called upon, stated, in a few concise words, the facts to the master.—His tone was low, but the boys caught the sense, that Arthur was really innocent, and that poor Tom had been degraded for nothing. The master beckoned Tom forward.

"Did you know of this, Channing?"

"Yes, sir; since the letter came to my brother Arthur last night."

Lady Augusta rushed up impulsively to Tom. She seized his hands, she shook them heartily; she clasped his shoulders. Tom never afterwards was sure that she didn't kiss him.

"Ye'll live to be an honor to your parents yet, Tom," she said, "when my boys are breaking my heart with willfulness."

Tom's face flushed with pleasure; not so much at the words as at the yearning, repentant faces cast at him from all parts of the room. There was no mistaking that they were eager to offer reparation. Tom Channing innocent all this while! How should they make it up to him? He turned to resume his seat, but Huntley slipped out of the place he occupied as the school's head, and would have pushed Tom into it. There was some slight commotion, and the master lifted his spectacles.

"Silence there? Huntley, what are you about? Keep your seat."

"No, sir," said Huntley, advancing a step forward. "I beg your pardon, sir, but the place is no longer mine. I never have counted it mine legally, and I will, with your permission, resign it to its rightful owner. The place is Channing's; I have only occupied it for him."

He quietly pushed Tom into it as he spoke, and the school, finding their tongues, and ignoring the presence of the master and of Lady Augusta, sprung from their desks at one bound and seized upon Tom—any part of him—wishing him luck, asking him to be a good old fellow and forgive him.

"Long live Tom Channing, the senior of Helstonleigh school!" shouted old Bywater; and the boys, thus encouraged, took up the shout, and the old walls echoed it—"Long live Tom Channing, the senior of Helstonleigh school!"

Before the noise had died away Lady Augusta was gone, and another had been added to the company, in the person of Mr. Huntley.

"Oh," he said, taking in a rapid glance of affairs, "I see it is all right. Knowing how thoughtless Harry is, I feared lest he might not recollect to do an act of justice. That he would be the first to do it if he remembered, I knew."

"As if I should forget that, sir!" responded Mr. Harry. "Why, I could no more live with Channing under me now, than I'd let any of the others be above me. And I am not sorry," added the young gentleman, *sotto voce*. "If the seniorship is a great honor, it is also a great bother. Here, Channing, take the keys."

He flung them across the desk as he spoke; he was proceeding to fling the roll, and two or three other sundries which belonged to the charge of the senior boy, but was stopped by the head master.

"Softly, Huntley! I don't know that I can allow this wholesale changing of places and functions."

"Oh, yes, you can, sir," said Harry, with a bright look. "If I committed any unworthy act, I should be degraded from the seniorship, and another appointed. The same thing can be done now, without the degradation."

"He deserves a recompense," said Mr. Huntley, to the master. "But this will be no recompense; it is Channing's due. He will make you a better senior than Harry, Mr. Pye. And now," added Mr. Huntley, improving upon the whole, "there will be no necessity to divide the seniorship from the Oxford exhibition."

It was rather a free mode of dealing with the master's proper privileges, and Mr. Pye relaxed into a smile. In good truth, his sense of justice had been inwardly burning and flaring, set alight by the communication of Lady Augusta. Tom, putting aside a little outburst or two of passion, had behaved admirably throughout the whole season of opprobrium; there was no denying it.

"Will you do your duty as senior, Channing?" superfluously asked the master.

"I will try, sir."

"Take your place, then."

Mr. Huntley was the first to take his hand, when he was in it.

"I told you to bear up bravely, my boy! I told you better days might be in store. Continue to do your duty in single-hearted honesty under God, as I truly believe you are ever seeking to do, and you may well leave things in His hands. God bless you, Tom!"

Tom was a little overcome. But Mr. Bywater made a divertissement. He seized the roll, with which it was no business of his to meddle, and carried it to Mr. Pye.

"The names have got to be altered sir." In return for which Mr. Pye sternly motioned him to his seat, and Bywater favored the school with a few winks as he lazily obeyed.

"Who could possibly have suspected Roland Yorke!" exclaimed the master, talking in an under tone with Mr. Huntley.

"Nay, if you come to compare merits, he was a far more likely subject for suspicion than Arthur," was Mr. Huntley's reply.

"He was, taking them comparatively. What I meant to imply was, that one could not have suspected that Roland, knowing himself guilty, would suffer another to lie under the stigma. Roland has his honorable points—if that may be said of one who helps himself to bank-notes," concluded the master.

"Ay, he is not all bad. Witness the sending back the money to Galloway, witness his persistent championship of Arthur; and the now going away partly to clear him, as he no doubt has done! I was as sure, from the first, that Arthur Channing was not guilty, as that the sun shines in the heavens."

"Did you suspect Roland?"

"No. I had a peculiar theory of my own upon the matter," said Mr. Huntley, smiling, and apparently examining closely the grain of the master's desk. "A theory, however, which has proved to be worthless, as so many theories, which obtain favor in this world, often are. But I will no longer detain you, Mr. Pye. You must have had enough hindrance from your legitimate business for one morning."

"The hindrance is not at an end yet," was the master's reply, as he shook hands with Mr. Huntley. "I cannot think what has possessed the school latterly; we are always having some unpleasant business or other to upset it."

Mr. Huntley went out, nodding cordially to Tom as he passed his desk; and the master turned his eyes and his attention on Gerald Yorke.

Lady Augusta had hastened from the college school as impetuously as she had hastened into it. Her errand now was to the Channings. She was eager to show them her grieved astonishment, her vexation—to make herself the *amende* for Roland, so far as she could. She found both Mr. and Mrs. Channing at home. The former had purposed being at Guild Street early that morning, but so many visitors had flocked in to offer their congratulations that he had hitherto been unable to get away. Constance also was at home. Lady Augusta had insisted upon it that she could not come to the children on that, the first day after her father and mother's return. They were alone when Lady Augusta entered.

Lady Augusta's first movement was to fling herself into a chair and burst out crying.

"What am I to say to you?" she exclaimed. "What apology can I urge for my unhappy boy?"

"Nay, dear Lady Augusta, do not let it thus distress you," said Mr. Channing.

"You are no more to be held responsible for what Roland has done, than we were for Arthur, when he was deemed guilty."

"Oh, I don't know," she sobbed. "Perhaps, if I had been more strict with him always, he would never have done it. I wish I had made a point of giving them a whipping every night all round from the time they were two years old!" she continued, emphatically. "Would that have made my children turn out better, do you think?"

Mrs. Channing could not forbear a smile.

"It is not exactly *strictness* that answers with children, Lady Augusta."

"Goodness me! I don't know what does answer with them, then! I have been indulgent enough to mine, as everybody else knows; and look how they are turning out! Roland to go and take a bank-note! And, as if that was not bad enough, to let the odium rest upon Arthur! You will never forgive him! I am certain that you never can or will forgive him! And you and all the town will visit it upon me!"

When Lady Augusta got into this humor of tearful complaint, it was better to let it run its course; as Mr. and Mrs. Channing knew, by past experience. They both soothed her; telling her that no irreparable wrong had been done to Arthur; nothing but what would be now made right.

"It all turns contrary together!" exclaimed my lady, drying up her tears over the first grievance, and beginning upon another. "I suppose, Constance, you and William Yorke will be making it up now."

Constance's smile of self-consciousness, and her drooping eyelids, might have told that that was already done, without words.

"And the next thing, of course, will be your getting married!" continued Lady Augusta. "When is it to be? I suppose you have been settling the time."

The question was a direct and pointed one, and Lady Augusta waited for an answer. Mrs. Channing came to the relief of Constance.

"It would have been very soon indeed, Lady Augusta, but for this dreadful uncertainty respecting Charles. In any case, it will not be delayed beyond early spring."

"Oh, to be sure! I knew that! Everything goes contrary and cross for me! What am I to do for a governess? I might pay a thousand a-year and not find one like Constance. They are beginning to improve under you; they are growing more dutiful girls to me; and now it will be all undone again, and they'll just be ruined!"

Constance looked up with her pretty, timid blush.

"William and I have been thinking, Lady Augusta, that, if you approved, they had better come for a few months to Hazledon House. I should then have them constantly under my own eye, and I think I could effect some good. We had used to speak of this in the summer; and last night we spoke of it again."

Lady Augusta flew into an ecstasy as great as her late grief had been.

"Oh, it would be delightful!" she exclaimed. "Such a relief to me! and I know it would be the making of them. I shall thank you and William forever, Constance; and I don't care what I pay you. I'd go without shoes to pay you liberally."

Constance laughed.

"As to pay," she said, "I shall have nothing to do with that on my own score, when once I am at Hazledon. Those things will lie in William's department, not in mine. I question if he will allow you to pay him anything, Lady Augusta. We did not think of it for profit, but in the hope that it might benefit Caroline and Fanny."

Lady Augusta turned impulsively to Mrs. Channing.

"What good children God has given you!"

The tears rushed into Mrs. Channing's eyes: she felt the remark in all its grateful truth. She was spared a reply; she did not like to contrast them with Lady Augusta's, ever so tacitly, and say they were indeed good; for Sarah entered, and said another visitor was waiting in the drawing-room.

As Mr. Channing withdrew, Lady Augusta rose to depart. She took Mrs. Channing's hand.

"How dreadful for you to come home and find one of you children gone!" she uttered. "How can you bear it and be calm?"

Emotion rose then, and Mrs. Channing had a battle to keep it down.

"The same God who gave me my children has taught me how to bear," she presently said. "For the moment, yesterday, I really was overwhelmed; but it passed away after a few hours' struggle. When I left home, I humbly committed my child to God's good care, in implicit trust; and I feel that, whether dead or alive, that care is still over him."

"I wish to goodness one could learn to feel as you do!" uttered Lady Augusta. "Troubles don't seem to touch you and Mr. Channing; you rise superior to them; but they turn me inside out. And now I must go! And I wish Roland had never been born before he had behaved so! You must try and forgive him, Mrs. Channing. You must promise to try and welcome him, should he ever come back!"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Channing answered, with a bright smile. "The one will be as easy as the other has been. He is already forgiven, Lady Augusta."

"I have done what I could in it. I have been to the college school and told them all, and Tom is put into his place as senior. It's true, indeed! and I hope every boy will be flogged for putting upon him, and Gerald and Tod amongst the rest. And now, good-bye."

Sarah was holding open the street door for Lady Augusta. Lady Augusta, who generally gave a free word of gossip to everybody, like Roland, had her head turned to the girl as she passed out of it, and thereby nearly fell over a boy who at the moment was seeking to enter, being led by a woman, as if he had no strength to walk alone. A tall, thin, white-faced boy, with great eyes and no hair, and a red handkerchief tied over his head to hide the deficiency; but a beautiful featured boy in spite of the defects, for he bore a strange resemblance to Charles Channing.

Was it Charles? Or was it his shadow? My lady turned back to the hall, startling the house with her shrieks and cries, that Charley's ghost had come, and bringing forth its inmates in alarmed consternation.

CHAPTER LVIII.

BYWATER'S DANCE.

Not Charley's shadow—not Charley's ghost—but Charley himself, in real flesh and blood. One knew him, if the rest did not; and that was Judith. She seized upon him with sobs and cries, and sat down on the hall bench and hugged him to her. But Charley had seen some one else, and he slipped from Judith to the arms that were held out to shelter him, his warm tears breaking forth.

"Mamma! mamma!"

Mrs. Channing's tears fell fast as she received him. She strained him to her bosom, and held him there; and they had to hold *her*, for her emotion was great. It is of no use trying to depict this sort of meeting; when the loved, who have been deemed dead, are restored to life; all description must fall short, if not utterly fail. Charley, whom they had mourned as lost, was with them again: traces of sickness, of suffering, were in his face, in his attenuated form; but still he was in life. You must imagine what it was, Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Lady Augusta, Constance, the servants, and the Bishop of Helstonleigh; for no less a personage than that distinguished prelate had been the visitor to Mr. Channing, come to congratulate him on his cure and his return.

The woman who had accompanied Charley stood apart—a hard-featured woman, in a clean cotton gown, and clean brown apron, whose face proclaimed that she lived much in the open air. Perhaps she lived so much in it as to disdain bonnets, for she wore none—a red cotton handkerchief, the fellow to the one on Charley's head, being pinned over her white calico cap, in lieu of one.

Many unexpected meetings take place in this life. A casual acquaintance whom we have met years ago, but whom we never expected to see again, may come across our path to-morrow. You, my reader, did not, I am sure, think to meet that woman again, whom you saw hanging up linen in a boat, as it glided by under the old cathedral walls, under the noses of Bywater and a few more of his tribe, the morning they were throwing away those unlucky keys, which they fondly deemed were never to be fished up again. But here is that very woman before you now, come to pay these pages as unexpected a visit as the keys paid to the college boys. Not more unlooked for, and not more strange, than some of our meetings in actual life.

"Mamma, I have been ill. I have been nearly dying; and she has nursed me through it, and been kind to me."

Mrs. Channing leaned forward and grasped the woman's hand, gratitude shining from her wet eyes. Mr. Channing and Judith had a fight which should grasp the other. Lady Augusta laid hold of her behind, Sarah assailed her in front. There appeared to be no room left for Constance and the Bishop, or they might have assisted at the demonstration—as the French say.

It was soon explained. That same barge had been passing down stream again that night, when Charley fell into the water. The man heard the splash, called to his horse to stop, leaped overboard, and saved him. A poor little boy with a wound in his head, totally senseless, it proved to be, when they had got him on board and laid him on the bench for inspection. Meanwhile the docile horse went on of its own accord, and before was decided the knotty question of whether the man should bring-to, get him on shore, and try and discover to whom he belonged, the barge was clear of the town, for the current was strong; it had been nearly clear of it when it passed the cathedral wall, and the splash occurred. The man thought it as well that it was so; his voyage this journey, was being made against time, and he dared not linger. Had Diggs, the boat-house keeper's mother, not put her head underneath the bed clothes and kept it there, she might have heard the sounds of the rescue.

So they kept Charley on board. He had evidently struck his head against something which had caused the wound, and stunned him. It may have been, it is just possible that it may have been, against the projecting wall of the boat-house, as he turned the corner in his fright and hurry. If so, that, no doubt, caused his fall and his stumble into the water. The woman—she had children of her own; that great girl whom you saw scraping potatoes was one, and she had two others younger—washed the wound, and tried to bring Charley round. But she could not awaken him to full consciousness. His mind appeared to be wandering, and, ere another day had passed, he was in strong delirium. Whether it was the blow, whether it was the terrible fright which had preceded it, or—this was most probable—both combined, Charles Channing was attacked with brain fever. The woman nursed him through it; she applied her own simple remedies. She cut off his hair and kept wet linen constantly on his head; and hot bricks, wrapped round with wet steaming flannel, to his feet, and gave him certain herb tea to drink, which, in her firm belief, her own experience, had never yet failed to subdue fever. Perhaps Charley did as well without a doctor as he would have done with one. By the time they reached their destination the malady was subsiding; but the young patient was so entirely prostrated and weak that all he could do was to lie quite still, scarcely opening his eyes, scarcely moving his hands.

When he became able to talk, they were beginning to move up stream again, as the woman called it. Charley told her all about himself, about his home, his dear mamma and Judith, his papa's ill-health and hopes of restoration, his college school-boy life. It was delicious to lie there in the langor of returning health, and talk of these things.—The kind woman won his love and confidence; but when she asked him how he came to fall into the river, he could never remember. In the social atmosphere of companionship, in the cheery sunlight, Charley could look back on the "ghost" in the cloisters, and draw his own deductions. His good sense told him it was no ghost; that it was all a trick of Bywater's, and others of the college boys. The woman's opinion was, that if they did do such a thing to frighten him, they ought to be whipped; but she was inclined to view it as a delusion of Charley's imagination, a relic left by the fever.

"Your folks 'll be fine and pleased to see you again, dear," she would say to him. "My master 'll moor the barge to the side when he gets to the place, and I'll take ye home to 'um."

How Charley longed for it he alone could tell; pleasant as it was, now he was better, to lie on deck, on a rude bed made of sacks, and glide peacefully along on the calm river, between the green banks, the blue sky above, the warm sun shining on him. Had Charley been placed on that barge in health, he would have thought it the nastiest place he had ever seen—confined, dirty, monotonous. But waking to it from the fever, when he did not care where he lay, so that he could lie,

he grew reconciled to its inconveniences before he knew that they were inconveniences; like a young child grows up among many disagreeables and perceives them not. Indeed, Charley began to like the boat; but he was none the less eager for the day that would see him leave it.

That day came at last. The barge was brought to; and here you see Charley and his good protector. Charley's clothes looked a mile too small for him, he had so grown in his illness; and Charley was *minus* a cap, and the handkerchief did duty for one. But it was Charley, in spite of all; and I say that you must imagine the meeting. You must imagine their heartfelt thanks to the woman, and their more substantial recompense.

"Charley, darling, if you could but have written to us, what dreadful distress you would have saved!" exclaimed Constance.

"He writ, Miss!" interposed the woman. "He couldn't have writ to save his life! And we was a-moving up stream again afore he was well enough to tell us any thing about himself. My husband might have writ a word else; I ain't no hand at a pen myself. We have got quite used to the little gentleman, and shall miss him now."

"Constance, tell her. Is it not true about the ghost? I am sure you must have heard it from the boys. She thinks I dreamt it, she says."

Judith broke out volubly before Constance could answer, testifying that it was true, and relating the ill doings of the boys that night rather more at length than she need have done. She and the woman appeared to be at perfect accord respecting the meed of punishment merited by those gentlemen.

The bishop leaned over Charley. "You hear what a foolish trick it was," he said. "Were I you, I would be upon good terms with such ghosts in future. There are no other sorts of ghosts my boy."

"I know there are not," answered Charles. "Indeed, my lord, I do know there are not," he repeated more earnestly. "And I knew it then; only, somehow I got frightened. I will try and learn to be as brave in the dark as in the light."

"That's my sensible boy!" said the bishop. "For my part, Charley, I rather like being in the dark. God seems all the nearer to me."

The woman was preparing to go, declining all offers that she should rest and take refreshment. "Our turn both down and up was hurried this time," she explained, "and I mayna keep the barge and my master a-waiting. I'll make bold, when we are past the town again, to step ashore, and see how the young gentleman gets on."

Charley clung to her. "You shall not go till you promise to stay a whole day with us!" he cried. "And you must bring the children for mamma to see. She will be glad."

The woman laughed.

"A whole day! A whole day's pleasure was na for the likes of them," she answered; "but she'd try and spare a bit longer to stop nor she could spare now."

With many kisses to Charles, with many shakings of hands from all, she took her departure. The bishop of Helstonleigh, high and dignified prelate that he was, and she a poor, hard-working barge woman, took her hand into his, and shook it as heartily as the rest. Mr. Channing went out with her. He was going to say a word of gratitude to the woman. The bishop also went out, but he turned the other way.

As he was entering Close Street, the bishop encountered Arthur. The latter raised his hat and was passing onwards, but the bishop arrested him.

"Channing, I have just heard some news from your father. That you are at length cleared from that charge. That you have been innocent all this while."

Arthur's lips parted with a smile.

"Your lordship may be sure that I am very thankful to be cleared at last. Though I am sorry that it should be at the expense of my friend Yorke."

"Knowing yourself innocent, you might have proclaimed it more decisively. What could have been your motive for not doing so?"

The ingenuous flush flew into Arthur's cheek.

"The truth is, my lord, I suspected some one else. Not Roland Yorke," he pointedly added. "But—it was one against whom I should have been sorry to bring a charge. And so—and so—I went on, bearing the blame."

"Well, Channing, I must say, and I shall say to others, that you have behaved admirably; showing a true Christian spirit. Mr. Channing may well be happy in his children. What will you give me," added the bishop, releasing Arthur's hand, which he had taken, and relapsing into his free, pleasant manner, "for some news that I can impart to you?"

Arthur wandered much. What news could the bishop have to impart which concerned him?

"The little lost wanderer has come home."

"Not Charles!" uttered Arthur, startled to emotion. "Charles! and not dead!"

"Not dead, certainly," smiled the bishop, "considering that he can talk and walk. He will want some nursing, though. Good-bye, Channing. This, take it for all in all, must be a day of congratulation for you and yours."

To leap into Mr. Galloway's, with the tidings, to make but a few bounds thence home, did not take many minutes for Arthur. He found Charles in danger of being kissed to death—Mrs. Channing, Lady Augusta, Constance, and Judith each taking their turn. I fear Arthur only made another.

"Why, Charley, you have grown out of your clothes!" he exclaimed. "How thin and white you are!"

The remarks did not please Judith.

"Thin and white!" she resentfully repeated. "Did you expect him to come home as red and fat as a turkey-cock, and him just brought to the edge o' the grave with brain fever? One would think, Master Arthur, that you'd rejoice to see him, if he had come back a skeleton, with his bones rattling, when it has seemed too likely you'd never see him at all. And what if he have outgrowed his clothes? They can be let out, or replaced with new ones. I have got hands, and there's tailors in the place, I hope!"

The more delighted felt Judith, the more ready was she to take up words and convert them into uncalled-for grievances. Arthur knew her, and only laughed. A day of rejoicing, indeed, as the bishop had said. A day of praise to God.

Charley had been whispering to his mamma. He wanted to go to the college school-room and surprise it. He was longing for a sight of his old companions. That happy moment had been pictured in his thoughts fifty times, as he lay in the boat; it was almost as desired as the going home. Charley bore no malice, and he was prepared to laugh with them at the ghost.

"You do not appear strong enough to walk even so far as that," said Mrs. Channing.

"Dear mamma, let me go! I could walk it for that if it were twice as far."

"Yes, let him go," interposed Arthur, who divined the feeling. "I will help him along."

Charley's trencher—the very trencher found on the banks—was brought forth, and he started with Arthur.

"Mind you bring him back safe this time!" called out Judy, in a tone of command, as she stood at the door to watch them along the boundaries.

"Arthur," said the boy, "were they punished for playing me that ghost trick?"

"They have not been punished yet; they are to be. The master waited to see how things would turn out."

You may remember that Digge, the boat-house keeper, when he took the news of Charles's supposed fate to the college school, entered it just in time to interrup' an important ceremony, which was about to be performed on the back of Pierce senior. In like manner—and the coincidence was somewhat remarkable—Charles himself now entered it, when that same ceremony was just brought to a conclusion, only that the back, instead of being Pierce senior's, was Gerald Yorke's. Terrible disgrace for a senior! And Gerald wished Bywater's surplice had been at the bottom of the river before he had meddled with it. He had not done it purposely. He had fallen in the vestry, the ink-bottle in his hand, which had broken, and spilt its contents over the surplice. In an unlucky moment, Gerald had determined to deny all knowledge of the accident, never supposing it would be brought home to him.

Sullen, angry, and resentful, he was taking his seat again, and the head master, rather read and hot with exertion, was locking up the great birch, when the door was opened, and Arthur Channing made his appearance, a boy, carrying the college cap, with him.

The school were struck dumb. The head master paused, birch in hand. But that he was taller and thinner, and that the bright color and auburn curls were gone, they would have said at once it was Charley Channing.

The master let fall the birch and the lid of his desk.

"*Channing!*" he uttered, as the child walked up to him. "Is it really you? What has become of you all this time? Where have you been?"

"I have been a long way in a barge, sir. The man saved me. And I have had brain fever."

He looked round for Tom; and Tom, in the wild exuberance of his delight, took Charley in his arms, and the tears dropped from his eyes on Charley's face as he kissed him as warmly as Judith could have done. And then brave Tom could have eaten himself up alive, mortification at having been so demonstrative in the sight of the college school.

But the school were not in the humor to be fastidious just then. Some of them felt more inward relief at the sight of Charles than they cared to tell; they had never felt anything like it in their lives, and probably never would again. In the midst of the low murmur of heart-felt delight that was arising, a most startling interruption occurred from Mr. Bywater. That gentleman sprung from his desk to the middle of the room, turned a somerset, and began dancing a hornpipe on his head.

"*Bywater!*" uttered the astounded master. "What's that for? Are you mad?"

Bywater finished his dance, and then brought himself to his feet.

"I am so glad he has turned up all right, sir; I forgot you were in school."

"I should think you did," significantly returned the master. But Charles interrupted him.

"You will not punish them, sir, now I have come back safe?" he pleaded.

"But they deserve punishment," said the master.

"I know they have been sorry; Arthur says they have," urged Charley. "Please do not punish them now, sir; it is so pleasant to be back!"

"Will you promise never to be frightened at their foolish tricks again?" said the master. "Not that there is much danger of their playing you any; this has been too severe a lesson. I am surprised that a boy of your age, Charles, could allow himself to be scared by 'ghosts.' You do not suppose there are such things, surely?"

"No, sir; but somehow, that night, I got too frightened to think. You will forgive them, sir; won't you?"

"Yes. There! Go and shake hands with them," said Mr. Pye, relaxing from his dignity. "It is worth something, Charley, to see you back."

The school seemed to think so; and I wish you could have heard the shout that went up from it—the real, true, if somewhat noisy delight, that greeted Charles.

"Charley, we'll never dress up a ghost again! We'd never frighten you in any way!" they cried, pressing affectionately round him. "Only forgive us!"

"Why are you sitting in the senior's place, Tom?" asked Arthur.

"Because it is his own," said Harry Huntley, with a broad smile of satisfaction. "Lady Augusta came in and set things right for you, and Tom is made senior of the school at last. Hurrah! Arthur cleared, Tom senior, Charley back, and Gerald flogged! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! If Pye were worth a dump, he'd give us a holiday!" echoed bold Bywater.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

RHUBARB VINEGAR.

It is well known that French vinegar is superior to all other vinegars, it being in a great measure made from the grape, with the assistance of a little sugar. Most vinegars used in this country are adulterated or mixtures of French vinegar, pyroligneous acid, malt vinegar, acetic acid, &c; and these mixed up are sold in many cases as genuine French vinegar. Rhubarb is sometimes used in making British champagne; and in this way it has been discovered, in cases of failure (the wine becoming acid) that the vinegar produced by the acid fermentation progressing is very much like and has the pungent taste and flavor of French vinegar. In preparing and making this vinegar there can be nothing more simple, and as rhubarb is now in season, and vinegar of common use in every family, it can be easily and conveniently made; besides as the price of a bottle of good vinegar is charged at 9d. to 1s. to families, it certainly is worth consideration the manufacturing of it, not only on a large scale but by private families, the process being so simple and the cost per bottle so small. This description of vinegar can be made, exclusive of labor or trouble, for something like 10d. to 13d. per gallon, and has more flavor than malt vinegar, and is easier made. The process for 10 gallons will be, for a family: Take 25 ordinary sized stalks of rhubarb, pound them or crush them with a piece of wood in the bottom of a strong tub, add ten gallons of water; let this stand 24 hours, strain off the crushed rhubarb, and add 18 lbs. of sugar free from molasses, and a teacupful of best brewer's yeast, raise the temperature to 65 or 68 deg., and put your browst into a 12 gallon cask; place it in a position where the temperature will not fall below 60 deg. In a month strain it off from the grounds, returning it to the cask again, and let it stand till it becomes vinegar. For a large quantity follow out the common process of making vinegar either with malt or sugar, by adding rhubarb, which gives flavor and pungency.—*Scottish Farmer.*

THE WRATH OF MAN.

Extract from a Sermon, on Proverbs, chapter 76, verse 10, by Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D., a Scotch clergyman of the last century:

"While the wrath of man thus praises God by the advantages which it is made to bring to good men as individuals, the Divine hand is equally apparent in the similar effects which it is appointed to produce to nations and societies. When wars and commotions shake the earth, when factious rage, and intestine divisions embroil kingdoms that before were flourishing, Providence seems, at first view, to have abandoned public affairs to the misrule of human passions; yet, from the midst of this confusion, order is often made to spring, and from these mischiefs lasting advantages to arise. By such convulsions nations are aroused from that dangerous lethargy into which flowing wealth, long peace and growing effeminence of manners had sunk them. They are awakened to discern their true interests, and taught to take proper measures for security and defence against all their foes. Inveterate prejudices are corrected, and latent sources of danger are discovered; public spirit is called forth, and larger views of national happiness are formed; the corruptions to which every government is liable are often rectified by a ferment in the political body, as noxious humors in the animal frame are carried off by the shock of a disease. Attempts against a wise and well established civil constitution tend in the issue to strengthen it, and the disorders of licentiousness and faction teach men more highly to prize the blessings of tranquility and legal protection."

WHAT IS HEAT LIGHTNING?—The flashes of lightning, often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder cloud beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Professor Henry says that Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.

RECREATION.—Recreation of some sort is absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labor. Indeed, the use of wisdom consists in tempering our recreations. There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not but abandon lawful delights, for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their Maker. Let your recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful. If your life be sedentary, let it be more tending to the exercise of your body; if active, more to the refreshing of your mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.

☞ Punch says women first resorted to tight lacing to prove to men how well they could bear squeezing.

An Interesting Summary of the American Exhibitors at the London Exhibition.

The London Journals devote a share of their attention to the American portions of the exhibition, which is the result of private enterprise alone, our Government having been too much occupied by the war, to be able to encourage American inventors to send to London specimens of their skill. The London Times gives the following summary of the American portion of the exhibition:

The southeast corner of the building, at the end of the east transept, contains a numerous and exceedingly interesting collection of various contrivances for simplifying and facilitating the operations of ordinary trades. There is nothing particularly startling or imposing in the display, though occasionally the cleverness with which difficulties are overcome or some useful and all-important result obtained by the simplest means, approaches almost to an inspiration of genius; but as nearly all the articles appear to have been selected because they were easy of transport, perhaps we are not wrong in accepting them as the representatives of much more important pieces which would have been sent here under a happier state of things.

The chief merit of Baker's washing machine, which stands close by the south-eastern entrance, appears to be the ease with which it deals with large heavy pieces, such as blankets and counterpanes. For hotels, hospitals and such places it must be very valuable. Conroy's cork cutters, which stand next, are very neat in their operation. The man in charge simply puts down a square of cork on a small ledge, and as the machine works two fingers are pushed out, which grasp it, and fix it on a rapidly rotating pin, where it is applied to the edge of a circular knife, revolving horizontally, and in a couple of seconds the square assumes the desired shape and size, and immediately drops into a receiver beneath to make room for another. A man and a couple of boys can cut one hundred and fifty gross of corks with this machine in a day. The rope-making machine, which stands next, compresses a rope walk of some 300 or 900 yards into about 8 feet, and it spins a 12 strand rope quite as stout and in much less time than it could be done by hand. To machinists we would point out a very simple contrivance, which they will find on the wall close by the rope-spinner, for shifting and securing machinery belts, by which, no doubt, many accidents may be prevented. By pulling a cord the belt is moved either on or off the drums, and as the guides move they are secured in their place by a self acting lock, so that the belt cannot slip either one way or other. Eckel, of New York, sends one of his new presses, by which 1,000 pounds of cotton may be pressed into 18 cubic feet, or 800 pounds of hay into a truss of 5 feet by 2 feet, with a height of 32 inches, in a space of four minutes, and with a less expenditure of labor than by any other press yet invented. They are capable of exerting from 100 to 1 000 tons pressure, and one man working alone can bring 100 tons to bear. The machinery is very simple, and may be applied with equal advantage to press for extracting oils. Hanshrow's California pump is chiefly distinguished for the ingenious adaptation of the lever rake, by which immense power is saved and gained, so that a child might work it. The stream rises on the slightest movement of the handle, and when the full power is put on it will throw a stream from a depth of 30 feet to a height of 85 feet through 50 feet of hose. Another advantage is that the valves are so arranged as to insure constant supply of water in the reservoir. A cotton planter's machine is exhibited close by, which was just coming into use in the Southern plantations when the war broke out, and which promised to be a great success. With two men and a horse it will do the day's work of eight able-bodied "chattels." There is also a corn and bean planter, which effects a still greater saving of labor. The exhibitor, Mr. Primole, maintains that it will plant 20 acres of corn per day, either on even or uneven ground, and will do the work of 30 men per day. It requires but one man to work it, and is designed to plant two rows of corn or three rows of beans, the rows being made at any distance apart. It marks the furrows, drops any desired number of seeds, covers them, and presses the soil over them at any required pressure or depth. It has, too, an adjustable axletree, which enables the guide to work the machine by the last-made track, and to plant rows of any desired width with uniformity.

In addition to the agricultural machines which were mentioned recently, there are a variety of reapers and mowers; a portable steam boiler, which can be carried anywhere to supply steam for working a machine or boiling food for cattle; a ditcher, which will cut a ditch of any depth or width, lift out the earth, and deposit it in any given place; and a self regulating wind-mill, which turns its sails to the wind without any trouble to the miller. Batchelor & Sons exhibit samples of steel forks and rakes of such admirable temper that by fair use alone it is almost impossible to break them. Blake's stone-breaker, which may be applied to crushing minerals of any kind, appears to be a machine of great power. It consists of two immense iron jaws, with graduated faces, one moveable and the other fixed. At every revolution of the crank by which the machine is worked, the moveable jaw advances toward the fixed jaw about a quarter of an inch, and returns, its return being aided by a strong spring of India rubber. If a stone be dropped in between the converging jaws, it is gripped and broken by the first bite, and the fragments fall lower and lower as they become smaller at every revolution of the crank, and are broken by each succeeding bite until they are small enough to drop out at the bottom. The distance between the two lower ends of the jaws, which determine the ultimate size of the fragments, can be regulated at pleasure. There is a model at work in the department which crushes the hardest pebbles with as much ease as it they were so many nuts, and a full sized machine may be seen in the Eastern Annexe, though it stands idle for want of power. Lawrence, White & Brothers exhibit a lock nut and ratchet washer, which makes every bolt as secure as a rivet. The washer, which is first passed on the bolt to be secured, has a raised rim, on the inner side of which is formed a ratchet, and in a slot forged in the nut which succeeds the washer is fastened a spring of iron, steel or brass, the latter being preferred, as it may be more easily bent when required, and will not rust, which fastens into the ratchet, and thus prevents the nut from unturning.

For securing railway metals the invention is of great value, and will, no doubt, be of service in preventing that large class of accidents which arise from loose rails. Another novelty exhibited here is Drake's boring and spacing machine, which is peculiarly adapted for boring the stiles for blinds, or any other wood work where a series of holes is required to be bored at equal distances apart. There is a long row of spindles and bits, all fixed on one continuous belt, and all advancing by one single movement, and the distance between them may be lengthened or decreased by the simple movement of a lever. The shoe machinery at work here already excites great interest, and on the shilling days many a holiday making Crispin may be seen gazing in mute astonishment at the marvellous rapidity with which the work is turned out. The blank sole cutting machine will cut 60 soles in a minute, and the stitcher will stitch them on, sewing through and through the upper leather, without the necessity of a welt, at the rate of about 50 seconds to each shoe. The heel trimming machine is capable of trimming one pair of heels in a minute on the shoe, and the leather-splitting machine reduces the soles to any required thickness.

The most important piece of machinery exhibited by the Americans is a power loom for weaving tufted carpets, which may be seen at work in the Machinery Annexe. It has created quite a sensation among the trade, and in a practical point of view is perhaps one of the valuable novelties in the department. The great feature in that by a single throw of the shuttle it will insert, weave in, cut off, and complete one woole range of figuring tufts across the width of the fabric in less time than is required for the making of a single tuft by the hand loom. Any medallion design can be woven in parts which may easily be united in one piece, as the selvage produced is such that when sewed the seams are not visible. The strain on the material is so slight that common worsted or woollen yarns of any quality may be used so that the cheapest kinds of carpets may be produced in it. The economy of time, labor and material is so considerable that the machine will, probably, effect a most important revolution in carpet manufacture.

Besides these there are various other contrivances of minor importance, but all displaying wonderful ingenuity. Mr. Bates' mechanical apparatus for curing stammering deserves notice, though it is impossible to give any verbal description which would give an adequate idea of its operation. Mr. Ward exhibits a complete series of his signal lanterns, which form perhaps the simplest and most intelligible system of ocean telegraphs yet invented, and we must not omit to mention the sewing machines, of which half a dozen may be seen hard at work at all hours of the day. There are a few specimens of cereals, and the mineral wealth of the States are represented by a few cabinet specimens, the chief which are from the Washoe silver mines. In this case are shown two or three samples of quartz said to be worth £3,000 per ton. The arts of the States are represented by Kenna's fine statue of "America," and a few pictures, which are all worthy of a position where they would attract more attention. Cropsey's "Autumn on the Hudson" is a beautiful landscape. The pianos, we understand, have been highly praised by experts, and the most remarkable novelty among them is a piano exhibited by Mr. Hulskamp, in which, by applying an extraordinary tension to the sounding board, and by an arrangement of oblique braces transmitting the vibration, he obtains so unusual volume of sound in a very small space. Mr. Hulskamp also exhibits violins, to which the same principle is applied, with the same results. Taking the American exhibition as a whole, there is no department in which the exhibitors will reap more profit from their pains, and perhaps that is as high praise as we can pass upon it.

INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

A novel and interesting religious ceremony took place on Saturday last in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, which was witnessed by a large number of spectators, who seemed to feel a gratified interest in the affair. A gentleman and his wife, both of whom desired to bec me church members, were baptized in the Bay, according to the rules of the Baptist persuasion. The most unusual feature of the occurrence consisted of the fact that the officiating clergyman was not himself a Baptist, but the celebrated pastor of Plymouth Church, the Rev. H. W. Beecher.

About noon, the gentlemen about to be baptized, Walter S Hicks Esq., a commission merchant doing business in New York, and his lady, started from Plymouth Church, accompanied by a number of the church choir and a few friends, the whole cortege, comprising some eight or ten carriages. They proceeded to Fort Hamilton via Bay Ridge, enjoying a beautiful drive, the heat of the weather being modified by the cool sea-breeze that came up through the Narrows. After arriving at the appointed place in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, the beach was reached by descending a very steep carriage way, where Mr. Beecher was awaiting the party, whom he had preceded on the route, and attired in a loose black robe confined by a girdle at the waist, walked boldly into the water to acquaint himself with the character of the bottom.

Having made the exploration he returned and accompanied Mr. Hicks first, and then Mrs. Hicks, into the water, performing the ceremony in each case separately. Preceding the baptism, he offered up an appropriate prayer, and the hymns "Help me, oh Thou great Jehovah," and "Must Jesus wear the crown alone," were sung by the choristers. The ceremony was a most picturesque one, and well calculated to remind one of the scenes in the New Testament descriptive of similar ceremonies among the primitive Christians. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks belong to Baptist families, and Mr. Beecher is catholic enough to consider the form of baptism immaterial, and admit to church membership according to any rite which the applicant may prefer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AMERICAN WOMEN IN THE CARS.—Anthony Trollope, the English author, and son of the famous Mrs. Trollope, gives the following caricature of an American woman in the cars. Of course it has a small basis, and only a small basis, of truth:—

"The woman, as she enters, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of battered wire-works, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a bag of wood does to a monkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpy's flue are loathsome. If there be two of them they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by women's rights.

"But, though not modest, the woman I describe is precious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, as she sits with raised chin and face flattened by affectation; she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her. * * * But every twist of her body and every tone of her voice is an unsuccessful falsehood. She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat. You rise from a deference to your own old convictions, and from that courtesy which you have ever paid to a woman's dress, let it be worn with ever such hideous deformities. She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists herself round, banging your shins with her wires, while her chin is still raised, and her face is still flattened, and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though that place were also vacant, and necessarily at her disposal. Perhaps the man opposite has his own ideas about chivalry."

A YOUNG man named Andrew Lewis, living near Chesham, England, was committed for trial for stabbing his sweetheart, Esther Duthall, whose only offence appears to have been that she had danced with another man at a wedding party.

THE RIGHT KIND OF NURSE.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times, writing from the battle field of Shiloh, says the grievous trial of the camp is the absence of pretty women. He adds:

And a curious anomaly presents itself in the same connection. About the only women we have here are nurses, a class who are all very well in a humanitarian way and not much in the line of attraction. They seem imbued, as a general thing, with the idea that there is nobody to look at them, and the customary attraction is a faded calico loose gown, straight from top to bottom, ignoring waist, and personifying the theory of the shirt on a bean pole. The wildest imagination could not induce the divine admiration. If they only knew it—if they had the slightest idea how much medicine to a sick man there is in a trim, neat figure—how much relief there is in bright, sunlight colors, where all is dark and somber—how much unutterable joy can grow under a sweet, womanly smile—they'd never do it. I think Miss Dix made a great mistake when she prescribed panel females over thirty for the sick soldiers. I just think one fresh, plump, little woman, with the light of kindness in her eyes, and the consciousness in her heart that she loves and pities men because they are men; because they are bold and brave, and unflinching in sickness or health; because in danger their strong hands stand between her and the whirlwind; because of the innumerable attributes that endear strength and hardihood to woman's nature, as naturally as the vine to the clinging vine—one such woman, be she maiden, wife, or matron, will do more good than all the doctors and drugs in the army dispensary. There are a few such, spite of Miss Dix and the "aged ihery" decree, and I have seen them among the sick here and elsewhere. I have seen tears rain down a soldier's brown cheek at the touch of one of these soft hands upon his fevered forehead, and have watched his eyes following the little, round form the live-long day, while health and strength stole upon his shattered frame like one of her own smiles upon the gloom of his solitary repining.

RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS.—The former editor of the Shelbyville (Tenn.) Expositor, a strong secession newspaper, puts into a card in which he frankly acknowledges that he has been mistaken, and that the best thing for all Tennesseans to do is to render the Federal Union allegiance, not only from the lips, but from the heart. He says:—"Like hundreds and thousands of others residing in Tennessee, I was led to believe the calling out of troops by Mr. Lincoln was an evidence of his determination to overthrow the institution of slavery. And thus thinking, I thought it my duty as a Tennessean, as a man born here, as a man whose interests were all identified with the Southern people, to resist him. In this I now see that I was mistaken. I see also that the attempt to form a Southern Confederacy has proved a complete failure."

BARNUM OUTDONE.—A woman named Piercy, and a Dr. Perkins, both of Oneida, N. Y., together with a New York broker, got up a magnificent speculation at New York. The woman was to be exhibited as one whose skin had for four years been turning to charcoal. But she was shown to several celebrated physicians for the purpose of getting certificates of the fact, and the application of a pair of scissors to a crack near one of the nostrils, revealed the fact that the supposed epidermis was made of woven cotton, into which charcoal mixed with gum had been worked. After being thus prepared it had been gummed on to the liar creature's limbs. The woman was at once removed to the Bellevue hospital, where the false skin is being removed with as little pain and inconvenience to her as possible.

A VERMONT VERDICT.—In Manchester, Vermont, recently a man named Dole, who is a violent secessionist, Recently, while he was expressing his sentiments in favor of the rebellion, and hoping that every Federal soldier at the South would be shot or struck dead with lightning, Mr. H. E. Miner, editor of the Manchester Journal, knocked him down. Dole had Mr. Miner arrested, and the case was tried before a jury. While the plaintiff's counsel was summing up for his client, one of the jurymen quietly wrote the following verdict: "Not guilty; and the jury would recommend all loyal citizens to go and do likewise." The other members endorsed the verdict, and, without leaving their seats, returned it to the court, by whom it was received, and the prisoner discharged.

THE VICKSBURG CUT-OFF.—Probably the cut-off at Vicksburg is a work of even less difficulty than we supposed when we wrote yesterday in relation to it. The strange course of the river at that place may be judged of from the fact that the cut-off would have to be only a half mile in length, and yet would commence six miles above Vicksburg and terminate three miles below that city. The engineers, as we stated, have for years dreaded lest the river should itself force its way through, leaving their city miles inland, and have resorted to all sorts of expedients to avert the apparently impending fate. A military officer informs us that he was at Washington when the order for making the military cut-off was issued.—*Louisville Journal.*

NAMES OF THE RECENT BATTLES.—The following are the names which it seems have been assigned to the recent battles in front of Richmond:—

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.

Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaines's Mill.

Saturday, June 28—Battle of the Chickahominy.

Sunday, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard; battle of Savage's Station.

Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak Swamp; battle of White Oak Creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.

Tuesday, July 1—Battle of Turkey Bend.

A RICHMOND paper says that the rebels captured at the White House 192,000 rounds of assorted cartridges, 25 boxes of shell, &c. Of the markets at Richmond, it reports "soup beans" at $2 per half peck; cabbage at $1 or $1.25 per head, and "not large at that;" and peas, "without looking," 50 cents per half-peck.

☞ At an hotel at Hastings, Jerrold was dining with two friends, one of whom, after dinner, ordered, among other pleasant things, "a bottle of *old* port." "Waiter," said Douglass, with that twinkle of the eye which was always a promise of wit, "Mind, now, a bottle of your *old* port, not your *elder* port."

☞ An editor in Indiana, to whom the Commissioner of Patents sent a package of cotton seed, is so unthankful in acknowledging the receipt thereof as to say:—"If that distinguished gentleman will send us in addition a few cucumbers, we might be induced to go into the business of raising cotton.

☞ Prentice says he has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but he knows of many thousand younger ones who have kissed very great calves.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. BURNSIDE has joined McClellan. He had prepared for an inland advance from Newbern, when news of the great of the Potomac army came, accompanied by orders for him to move forward a part of his force to the sacred soil. By next morning his troops were embarked and steaming down the Neuse River, when a courier was met whose news stopped the fleet. After waiting for a messenger to go to Fortress Monroe and return, the fleet again got under way. The voyage was delightful, and on Monday the vessels were in James River.

MRS. DOUGLAS—Mrs S. A. Douglas is a constant visitor at Washington hospitals which bears the name of her deceased husband, formed from the block of three magnificent houses. At the recent commencement at Georgetown College, silver medals were awarded to the two sons of Judge Douglas, child en of his first wife, now under the charge of their step-mother.

WHAT A FRENCHMAN SAYS—M. Assolant observes in the *Courrier du Dimanche:*

"The Jews refused to survey, wept *super flumina Babylonis*—the Carthaginians, after the destruction of their city, had to adorn the triumph of the conqueror—Jugurtha was slaughtered by Marius, and we ourselves have sat out the *Tannhauser* and *Demorah;* but none of these visitations can compare with the doom of having to spend Sunday in London—that is the sum of human wretchedness—a very Himalaya of *ennui*."

THE London *Times* of the 18th of May calls the rebels the "*Transatlantic dregs* of the English cavaliers." What an unmerciful and ungracious cuff!

THE promotions of Gens. Sumner, Heintzelman, Keyes, Porter and Franklin have been recognized and confirmed by the Senate, and officially announced.

THE newspapers of the country are endeavoring to prove the necessity for drafting in order to fill up the new requisition promptly. No drafting it is said, will be enacted by the General Government, but State governments may resort to it.

THE *New York Evening Post* says that the President has a letter from General McClellan returning thanks for General McCall's division (which reached him but two or three days prior to the recent battles), and saying that he had then men enough to take Richmond.

A COMBINATION WITH A SOUL.—The Washington Mills Company, of Lawrence, have given notice that the wages of their employees will be raised to what they were some six months ago, or before the reduction of ten per cent. was made on and after the first inst. This is done in consequence of the prosperous business the company has been doing within the past few months.

NOW IS THE TIME.—The present call for troops has induced the Government to make the most liberal offers. A private entering the army now receives *cash down*, upon the day he is mustered into the United States service, the sum of thirty eight dollars—twenty-five of his $100 bounty, and thirteen dollars as one month's pay.

A YOUNGSTER was once desired to "state his views of the causes which led to the downfall of the Roman Empire." In reply he wrote that, after mature reflection and extensive reading, he concluded the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire, was that "its bottom fell out." Rather a new view of the subject.

FROM New York, we have a rumor to the effect that a new expedition is fitting out for Fareggut. We do not doubt it, but where will it attack, Charleston?

THE Congressional District of Mr. Arnold (Second Illinois) has 15,000 troops in the field, and he is going home to raise more. The same proportion of troops through all the free States would raise an army of more than 2,300,000.

CAVE DISCOVERED.—A large cave has been discovered near the White Mountains, the entrance to which is nine feet high and fifteen feet wide, opening to a fine apartment *sixty feet in length*, formed of jasper of a delicate blue and ash color, striped with fire red. The discovery was made by two young men, named Frank Green and Daniel Blodget, who were sliding down the precipitous cliff of a rugged mountain, two miles from Berlin Falls, and found the entrance, which was never known to exist before. A guide (William D. Banborn) heard of the wonderful cave, and resolved to enter it *a la Putnam*, and therefore went in and made a thorough examination, by the use of candles to light his way.

THIRTEEN fortune tellers advertise in the New York *Herald*. If they are all able to make a living, New York contains more than her fair proportion of fools.

SLIDELL writes to Richmond that he expects the "immediate" recognition of the Confederacy by the French Emperor. All the Union advocates state that it is very improbable that any interference will take place. The *London Times* says positively that England will not interfere.

THE American correspondent of the London *Spectator* says that the President is reported to have said "General McClellan's main fault is, that he thinks to-morrow is always better than to-day."

AN OLD and respected citizen of Conneautville, Crawford county, Pa., died recently from the effects of poisonous vaccination.

THE wheat crop in this region, says the Evansville (Ind.) *Journal* of Saturday, is pretty much harvested, and the result is extremely gratifying to our farmers. A better wheat crop was, perhaps, never vouchsafed to the tillers of the soil in this part of the State. The grass crop is also very fine, and the husbandmen will be well rewarded for their labor.

A CAUTION TO HOUSEWIVES—The Akron (Ohio) *Beacon* says that as Mrs. Horace May was removing a can of strawberries, which she had just sealed up, from the stove to the table, an explosion took place, blowing off the lid of the can, and quite severely scalding the hands and wrists of Mrs. M. with the hot fruit.

ONE of the amusements of the 4th, in New York, was a display of fireworks in front of the Institution for the Blind. It was a big thing for the inmates of the institution, but they "couldn't see it."

ERICSSON, who made the Monitor; Dahlgren, who made the cannon; Jenny Lind, who made music; Frederika Bremer, who made domestic action that is read in thousand of American homes—are Swedes.

PHOTOGRAPHING without sunlight is now a fixed fact and a very nearly perfected art, owing to the indefatigable efforts of a French savan, Nadar, the celebrated photographer, who something more than a year ago commenced experimenting for the purpose of taking photographs with an artificial electric light, and who has so far succeeded that he has been able to get some very fine views of the catacombs, those immense subterranean passages under the streets of Paris, where the bones of more than 3,000,000 of the former inhabitants of the upper city are deposited. These pictures, although darker than those taken by the aid of sunlight, are perfectly distinguishable and correct.

EXPORT OF SPECIE.—Up to the present time this year $21,750,000 in specie has left the United States for Europe. During the same time there has arrived at the port of New York from California $12,235,070.

THE Richmond *Examiner* thus heads its account of General McClellan having secured a desirable new position:—"The Ricomond Lines—The Enemy on a New Line of Defence—A Critical Situation."

WHAT THE RICHMOND PAPERS SAY.

THE attack upon our lines during the first two days of the battle was made by the divisions of Magruder and Johnston, supported by that of Longstreet. The two former are said to have been "frigs fully cut up," and the loss of officers was very great. Among those were many who were regarded as the best and bravest of the Southern army. It is confessed that the object in view was to fall upon us in overwhelming numbers, cut our army to pieces, and make prisoners of McClellan's entire force; but the valor of our men defeated the consummation of the plan. They acknowledge that the retreat was managed with the greatest ability, that our positions were chosen with consummate judgment, where our generals could avail themselves of all the natural advantages of dense woods, impassable swamps, and chains of hills which commanded all the approaches; that these positions were defended with such stubbornness as to cause them very heavy losses.

The Richmond Inquirer of July 4th says:

It will be recollected that it was stated, with great precision of detail, that on Saturday evening last, we had brought the enemy to bay on the south side of the Chickahominy, and that it only remained to do as nice in a single battle. Such, in fact, appears to have been the situation then. The next morning, however, it was perceived that our supposed resources of generalship had given us too much confidence; that the enemy had managed to extricate himself from the critical position, and, having massed his forces, had succeeded, under cover of the night, in opening a way to the James River.

Since this untoward event, the operations of our army on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy have been to follow the fugitive enemy through a country where he has had admirable opportunities of concealment, and through the swamps and forests of which he has retreated with a judgment, a dexterity, and a spirit of fortitude, which, however unavailing they may be to save his entire command, must challenge our admiration for his generalship.

The glory and fruits of our victory may have been seriously diminished by the grave mishap or fault by which the enemy was permitted to leave his camp on the south side of the Chickahominy, in an open country, and to plunge into the dense cover of wood and swamp, where the best portion of four or five days has been consumed in hunting him and finding out his new position, only in time to attack him under the uncertainty and disadvantage of the darkness of night. But in spite of delays and embarrassments which have already occurred in bringing the enemy to a decisive action, the successes of the week's engagement, as far as now known to us, are not to be lightly esteemed.

We would not deprecate results already accomplished because of errors which, if they had not occurred, would have made our victory more glorious and more complete. The siege of Richmond has been raised; an army of 120,000 men have been pushed from their strongholds and fortifications, and put to flight; we have enjoyed the *eclat* of an almost daily succession of victories, some of which have been achieved in circumstances in which the valor of our troops have alone redeemed us from the faults of military science; we have gathered an immense spoil, in which we are reported to have taken at least 10,000 prisoners, and from 70 to 80 pieces of artillery; and we have demoralized and dispersed, if we have not succeeded in annihilating, an army which had every resource that could be summoned to its assistance, every possible addition of numbers within the reach of the Yankee government, and every material condition of success to insure for it the result of the contest which it now abandons in dismay.

[Later Richmond accounts say 5,000 prisoners. Of the guns we lost 25 and took probably about a dozen. The rebels will soon find out that the Union army is neither demoralized nor dispersed. In fact the letters from the troops all claim that though they fell back in obedience to orders, they whipped the assailants again and again.]

THE ENROLLMENT OF THE NEW YORK MILITIA.—The New York Post says:—"One of the most rapid and complete enrollments of the militia of this state which was ever made, has just been completed by the military authorities. In the interior the canvass occupied four weeks, in this city but ten days. The work was entrusted to skilful agents, consisting in many cases of those previously accustomed to similar duty, and it was completed before the public generally was aware that it was in progress. Two hundred men were employed. The result was entirely successful, the names and residences of nearly three hundred thousand men, believed to be subject to military duty, have been obtained; and of these a quarter of a million are undoubtedly competent to bear arms, and may be officially called on at any time. We may state incidentally that the enrollment was not very popular in some of our city tenement houses, and that the agents became enrolling officers in a double sense—they were tumbled down stairs."

THE RUMORED CANAL.—One or two erroneous ideas as to McClellan's movements before his retreat from the neighborhood of Richmond, and the vulnerability of the enemy now, hold almost universal sway among Philadelphians, and need immediate correction. Soldiers coming home from the Potomac are greeted on all sides with inquiries about the present state of the "canal at Fort Darling" McClellan never even thought of digging a canal there, and if he had, and put his idea into execution, it would have been worse than useless labor. His left wing was never within six miles of Fort Darling, and all the country between was perfectly open to the enemy. Not a single Federal soldier ever was there, and rebellion rode up and down the Charles City road whenever inclination led in that direction. An armed reconnoissance, perhaps, once in two weeks, was the General's only communication with his gunboats. We trust no wounded soldier will be again worried about that canal.—*Press.*

GEN. BUELL'S ARMY.—It now seems to be a fixed fact that the division under the command of Don Carlos Buell, is to make an attempt to open up a more legitimate communication with East Tennessee than has been enjoyed by the loyal adherents of Uncle Sam of late. Already his advance is threatening Cumberland Gap, the key to the Eastern portion, while I think but a short time will elapse before a movement will be made by Gen. Carter and his eight regiments of refugee Tennesseans from the North-in boundary line of the state. Gen. Kirby Smith, who commands the secession forces, stands very fair in the estimation of the Confederates, and may make a stand, the result of which will be a bloody battle somewhere. Most probably at Chattanooga, I think. The place is well calculated for defence, and Southern troops are said to be congregating there.

REPORTS from Richmond place the number of Union prisoners captured in the recent battles on the Chickahominy at over 5,000. It may turn out at many soldiers may still live who are counted among the killed at present.

A HORRIBLE MASSACRE—A letter from an officer in Gen. Curtis' army, dated May 25, says:

"A company of thirty-two men, who belong to the 17th Missouri, went across the Little Red River, foraging, and were surrounded by some fifteen hundred Texas Rangers. They threw down their arms and surrendered. The Rangers told them it was no use, they neither asked nor gave quarter! They killed or wounded all, excepting one, cutting them up in a shocking manner.

"We sent over ambulances and a surgeon with a flag of truce. They disregarded the flag, took the ambulances, and murdered the surgeon. There were but nine men left in the company who are fit for duty. They belong to Osterhaus' command."

THE Memphis *Avalanche* has been suppressed by General Grant, and the *Bulletin* a good Union paper, has been started in the place of the former journal.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been stimulated by the rapid rise in foreign exchange, which has induced rather more inquiry for export, and for the low grades especially holders are asking an advance of 12½@25c, but the demand, however, both for export and home use, is moderate, and about 12,000 bbls found buyers at $4.25 for fine, $4.50@4.75 for common to good superfine; $4.80@5 for North-Western extra family; $5@5,25 for common and good Ohio and Penna extra; $5,25@5,75 do extra family; $6 for fancy Ohio, and $7,12½ for high grade do, including 1500 bbls Diamond Mills family at a price kept private; 300 bbls Delaware Mills extra at $5,50 and 800 bbls Jenny Lind family at $6,62½; the receipts are light, and the market generally closed firmer, with rather more doing to supply the home trade within the above range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and the sales are limited at $3,12½@3,87½ ₱ bbl as to freshness. Corn Meal is scarce, and Penna Meal is wanted at $2,75 ₱ bbl; 1500 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept secret.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, and with a steady demand, both for shipment and milling, prices close 2@3c better than last week. Sales reach about 35,000 bus, in lots, at $1,30@1,33 for common to good red, and choice reds, and $1,30@1,38 for white, as to quality, including good Penna at our lowest; and choice Kentucky white at our highest figures; prime Southern do at $1,35, and a small lot of new Maryland red, the first arrival of the season, at $1,30. Rye is also better, and about 10,000 bus Penna were disposed of at 68c. Corn comes in slowly, and the demand is good at a further slight advance, with sales of 25,000 bus for prime yellow, afloat, 53@55c in the cars and in store; 60@53c for inferior lots, and 60@62c for white. Oats continue dull, and only about 20,000 bus found buyers at 39@40c for Penna, in the cars and in store, and 37½@38c for Southern, afloat, the latter for 32 lbs. Barley continues dull and neglected. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 95c. Mill Feed is but little inquired for and quoted at $15 for ship stuff, and $18@20 ₱ ton for middlings.

PROVISIONS—Barrelled meats continue dull and neglected. Mess Pork is quoted at $10,75@11, and Western and city Mess Beef at $12@15 ₱ bbl, with small sales at the latter figures. Bacon—Prime Hams are rather better, and selling more freely at 7@9c, the latter for fancy cured. Sides range at 5½@6c, and Shoulders at 3¾@4¼c, cash and short time, and the sales moderate. Green Meats are also quiet, Hams selling at 5@5½c in salt and 6½@6¾c in pickle, the latter for fancy cured, which are scarce. Sides, in salt, move off slowly at 5@5½c, and Shoulders at 3¾@4c, usual terms. Lard is firmly held, with further sales of 1000 packages at 8¼c for prime, Western tierces, 8¾c for bbls, and 7½@7¾c for country packed, cash. Butter is dull, packed selling as wanted at 9@12c. Cheese is scarce and high, prime selling at 8@8¼c ₱ lb. Eggs are unchanged, and worth 11@11½c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been excited under the late news from abroad, and most holders are asking an advance of 3@4c ₱ lb on last week's rates. Some 250@300 bales found buyers at 38@42c, cash—the latter for middling. Included in the sales are 100 bales, a prize cargo, sold by auction, at 45c, payable in gold.

ASHES—The market is firmer but not very active, and prices tending upward.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly but the demand is less active, and the market quiet but steady at $33½ ₱ ton for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged. Chestnut selling at $11@13, and Spanish Oak at $13@14 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—The offering and sales are light and prices firm at 33@34c ₱ lb.

COAL—Prices are steadily maintained and orders are coming in more freely, but the scarcity of suitable vessels has a tendency to check business somewhat, which is not very active for the season.

COFFEE—The market is firmer, the want of stock limiting operations to some 11@1,200 bags, taken in lots at rather higher prices, including Rio at 19@21c, and Laguayra at 21@21½c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER continues inactive and prices about the same. Of yellow metal prices are unchanged, with sales at 22c for sheets and 24c for nails, on time.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering or selling, and the market is inactive at 37@40c ₱ lb, the latter for prime Western.

FRUIT—The receipts are on the increase and prices are fairly maintained.

HAY is rather scarce, and prices are better, ranging at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged.

HOPS are firm, with about the usual business to note, at 16@20c ₱ lb for eastern and western.

IRON—Holders are firm in their views without much movement to note in Pig Metal at the advance, and the only sale we hear of is 1,500 tons Gleudon gray forge at $21, cash. No. 1 sells as wanted at $24, and No. 1 at $23, on time. Scotch Pig is better, and held at $25, cash. Manufactured iron continues active and prices tending upward.

LEAD is firm at previous quotations; there is very little offering, and 50 pigs Galena sold at $6,90 the 100 lbs cash.

LUMBER—There is a fair demand for most kinds, with further sales of white Pine at 14@16, and yellow do. Boards at $13@14 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firmer and more active; among the sales are 700 hhds Cuba at 23@24c for clayed, and 27@30c for Muscovado, the latter for Trinidad, on time.

PLASTER—There is but little arriving, and soft is worth $4,50 ₱ ton.

RICE is firmer with further small sales of Rangoon at 5@5¾c ₱ lb—now held higher.

SEEDS—There is very little movement in the market and we quote Clover at $5@5,25 ₱ bus, the latter from second hands. Timothy is generally held at $3, which is above the views of buyers. Flaxseed is scarce, and domestic is wanted at $2,20@2,25 ₱ bus.

SPICES are better, and some small sales are reported, mostly at a private bargain.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are inactive owing to the firmness of holders who are indifferent about selling. N. E. Rum is also better and selling in a small way at 35@40c. Whiskey is more inquired for, bbls selling freely at 39@43c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and Drudge at 25@25c, some holders now ask more.

SUGARS have advanced ¼@½c under the proposed change of the tariff, and the demand is more active, sales reaching about 2000 hhds at 7¾@8¾c for Cuba; 8¾@9¼ for Porto Rico, and 8@10¼c for New Orleans, the highest figures for clarified.

TALLOW is better, and city is worth 9½@9¾c with but little offering at the advance.

TOBACCO—There is very little manufactured offering and prices are tending up. Of leaf, the sales are also moderate, and quotations the same.

WOOL has been arriving and selling more freely, and prices are better, the high views of holders at the close checking business, which has been quite active at 42@65c, net cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1251 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 60 Cows brought from $45 to 55 ₱ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from $4,50 to 5,50 ₱ head. 400 Hogs brought from $4,25 to 5,00 ₱ cwt. net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WOOL IN OHIO—Wool men estimate the clip of the State of Ohio, this year, to be about thirteen million pounds, being two million pounds greater than the clip of last year. Of this, probably about three-fourths has been sold at prices averaging forty-eight cents, leaving the three grades unsold. The sales of wool, with the transportation and incidental charges, will bring more than seven million dollars of good currency into the State.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. W. J. R. Taylor, ALFRED G. BAKER, to HENRIETTA ROHR, daughter of Geo. Fales.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ENOCH WATMOUGH, to Miss ANN BOYD, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM WILKINSON, to Miss SARAH A. MOORHOUSE, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. BODDEN, to Miss MARTHA J. ALBERTSON, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, GEORGE F. PEIFER, to Miss MAGGIE T. MATHEWSON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE KITSON, to Miss ELIZABETH HAYTHORN, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Bartine, WILLIAM H. MERRICK, Esq. to MARY E. FISH, eldest daughter of Israel Fish, Esq. both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, GEORGE W. TAYLOR, to EMILIE H. SHRIVER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, the Rev. FRANCIS D. LADD, pastor of the Penn Presbyterian Church, of this city, in his 42d year.

On the 7th instant, GILBERT PAGE, aged 78.

On the 2d instant, JAMES S. PEARSON, aged 61 years.

On the 6th instant, at Washington, D. C., MAJOR WAINSIDE, of wounds received before Richmond.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JAMES YOUNG, in his 27th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH E. wife of Peter Murrey, aged 30 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. JANE LINDSAY, in her 63 year.

On the 7th instant, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, aged 32 years.

On the 6th instant, SARAH REESE, in her 83d year.

On the 5th instant, ANDREW ELIASON, in his 42d year.

On the 6th instant, MARGARET DAVIS, wife of Wm. Davis, aged 38 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 12, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	½ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey par to	½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	½ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	3 to 7 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	3 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 1½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 5 dis.
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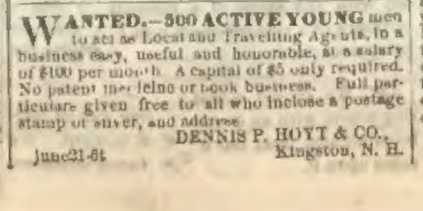

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STRAWBERRIES.

I had a nice, large strawberry bed,
Which with much care I tended,
And when the luscious fruit got ripe,
No man was better *friended*.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"We always loved you dearly;
Your name is down upon our books,
'Mong those we visit yearly."

So, year by year, in strawberry-time,
Their friendship duly proving,
They came, bringing their children, too,
For they were just as loving.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"Your wife, we love her dearly;
Her name stands high upon our books,
'Mong those we visit yearly."

And then they sometimes stayed to tea—
How could they well avoid it?
Among the grass the children ran—
The little rogues enjoyed it.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"What a nice cook your wife is!
'Tis all so tidy 'bout the house—
Sure, yours a happy life is."

They came in the sweet month of June,
The right day, ne'er mistaking,
And when they saw our bed, they gave
Our hands a hearty shaking.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"You have a fine location—
Those grand old trees, like sentinels,
Guard well your habitation."

And as they strolled across my fields,
And saw my vines so thriving,
And snuffed the zephyrs as they passed
So gentle, so reviving,
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"Now really this is charming!
Others may boast of what they please;
But you're our man for farming."

So, time passed smoothly on the while
My strawberry bed I tended—
My friends stuck by me—sure, no man
Was ever better *friended*.
"Our good friend D.," they said to me,
"We always loved you dearly—
Your name stands high upon our books,
'Mong those we visit yearly."

But when my strawberry vines grew old
And died for lack of tending,
'Tis wonderful how they dropped off,
Who used to come a *friending*.
None said to me, "My good friend D.—"
None loved me beyond measure—
None praised my trees, my farm, my vines,
Or called my wife a treasure.

MORAL.

Those who the loss of friends do dread,
Must tend with care their strawberry bed.

"S. D." *in the Bristol Co. (Mass.) Republican.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. Longfellow.—The verses you send are excellent, but we are already overwhelmed with poems. Your manuscript is left out for you at the office.

Artemus Ward.—Too "sarkastikall" for our pages.

Ralph W. Emerson.—The Essay on "Jocular Windbags" has good ideas, but the style is objectionable.

Wilkie Collins.—The "Crimson Finger Prints" cannot possibly appear in our pages.

Doesticks.—We do not agree in your theory of the incredibility of "Munshausen's Travels." Where can we address a letter to you?

Fernando Wood.—"Topers and Tariffs" will not do. Our correspondent has yet to learn that flippancy and true wit are widely different things.

E. Bulwer Lytton.—"A Still Stranger Story" shall appear if our correspondent will send the manuscript. It must be brief. No metaphysics. Allusions to the Infinite or the Beautiful will be struck out.

Boy Jove.—Yes; Sand has written shoals of literature.

John Bull.—We never heard of a cow carving a scroll for a bookcase.

Nincompoop.—It would be very imprudent of any railway company to allow a washerwoman to dry clothes upon their line.

Addlepated Cockatoo.—To remove ink-stains from books or linen, touch the stain with the end of a red-hot poker, and it will soon disappear.

Timbs.—Essex street is named after a peer, it appears. In fact there is a pier at the end of it.

E. M.—A simple way to prevent the creaking of a door is to nail it firmly, so as to prevent it ever being opened.

J. J.—Certainly; when Good Friday falls on a Saturday, Easter Monday is always kept on the following Tuesday.

Junius.—The lines you send us are very well written, but we object to the grammer and spelling.

More answers next week—as our "devil" has no more time at present to get them up.

A Funny Idea.—Mr. Smiles, in his new work, "Lives of the Engineers," tells us a quaint story of the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, the originator of the equally celebrated canal. His grace was in the daily habit of inspecting the progress of the works, and observing that the laborers, the moment the bell struck twelve, were off to their dinners on the instant, but were by no means so precise in their return at one o'clock, remonstrated on the subject with the workmen. It was urged in excuse of the men that it was easy enough for them to hear twelve strokes of the clock, but that *one* might easily escape their notice; upon which his grace had the works of the clock altered so that it should *strike thirteen*, which it did to the day of his death.

AN ARTIST'S TRIALS.

Galli Van T., says the Continental, is again active in setting forth the rural trials and troubles of artists—which it seems are many. Listen!—

'Twas in the merry summer-tide, some seven years since, when I went with a friend catching trout and sketching scenery in the valley of the Connecticut.

We thought we knew the value of a lovely view.

We didn't.

True, we could appreciate it to a dollar, when transferred to canvas. Otherwise, we had much to learn.

C. Pia, Esq., and myself were hard at it one morning—making such beautiful sketches, and doing it all with nothing but just a lead-pencil and some paper—as a young admirer of our works was wont to assure her friends. Suddenly appeared a man of great muscle, with pie-dish, shirt-collar, and a canister-shot-eyed bull-terrier, gifted with seven tiger power of biting.

"Stop that are!" was his courteous salutation.

"Stop what?',

"Stop making them are d—d pictera. I don't have no such doings round here!"

I looked at C. Pia—he was venomous and unterrified, and I felt encouraged. So I firmly asked the intruder what he meant.

"I mean what I say. There's property there that I'm a goin' to buy. I know what you're arter. You're makin' picters of the place for that are in-fernan Kernal Smith who owns the land, so's he can show 'em round and pint out the buildin lots. And I'll jest lick you like —— if you dror another line!"

"See here, young man," quoth I, "I've something to say to you. In the first place, you're a scamp who would keep a gentleman from getting a fair price for his own property. Secondly, you're an ignorant fellow and don't know what you're talking about. I never heard of your Colonel Smith—I'm not drawing up real estate lots or plots of any kind. Thirdly, I solemnly swear by Minos, Alianthus, Rhododendron, Nebuchadnezzar, and all the infernal gods, that if you touch a hair of our heads I'll see Colonel Smith—I'll map the whole property and advertise it in every newspaper in New York and Boston till it brings ten thousand dollars an acre. Now sail in—dog or no dog—we'll settle *you* any how."

The glare of fury in our visitor's eyes died away as he listened to this oration.

"*Thunder!*" he exclaimed, "what a lot you city fellers with larnin' into you *do* know! Ten thousand dollars an acre! Adver-ti-sin'! What an idee! I guess I'll buy the land on a morgidge right away. *Hes, hes, hes*—it's a first-rate notion—and I *is dopt* it. Mister, if you want a drink o' cider, you can get it at that are red house you see down yander. Good-mornin'!"

And off he went.

"You've made that fellow's fortune—when you ought to have caved his head in," remarked C. Pia, as the two brutes disappeared.

"It is the mission of the artist to benefit everybody except himself," I rejoined. And refilling my pipe I went on with my "picter."

CONSOLING COMFORT.

There is a comfort in consolation, especially if it comes from an individual who needs it himself. Dobbs is great on consolation. Dobbs consoles everybody and is constantly in trouble himself, over head and ears in all kinds of grief and tribulation. Only the other day some vindictive enemy lying in wait for the unfortunate consolating peddler, rushed out upon Dobbs and administered to him a tremendous leather earthquake in that portion of his anatomy where the shock would promote an instantaneous forward locomotion of Dobbs aforesaid.

Dobbs took it coolly, and almost before the kick-er had removed his pedal from kick-ed, Dobbs turned and apologized.

"Sir," said Dobbs, "I am sorry for you. I sympathize with you. If I had only known you wanted to kick me, I wouldn't have had that big door-key in my coat-tail pocket. I know it must have hurt your toes. It's too bad, for I heard your toes strike agin it."

Dobbs' coolness would be of immense advantage for a patent refrigerator.

A Young Conservative.—From Nebraska City a friend writes: "I have a niece out here, aged five years, whose father (like all other fathers) thinks his own just a little the smartest youngster there is going. One day, while visiting at my brother's house during his absence, Minnie cut some caper, for which I reproved her. She turned around, and, with no little asperity, replied. 'You shan't scold me. You ain't my papa, and don't understand my constitution.'"

Cricket Bowling.—Not many years ago, there was scarcely a professional cricketer in Great Britain. Roundhand bowling was almost unknown. It was contemptuously called "throwing" by the veterans, who accounted for its origin thus: An only son, much addicted to cricket, sighed in vain for his favorite pursuit during the holidays, until his sisters volunteered to bowl for him. Cricket in the family became from that date an established institution; only, as the girls were unable to bowl in the usual way (that is, underhand,) because of their petticoats (which they could not well gather up under their left arms as a man does his coat-tails,) they bowled *round hand;* and that, after a little, so accurately, that their brother was qui[c]k enamored of the fashion, and took it [t]o with him to school. This feminine bow[l]ing—but with the speed of a catapult, [a]nd the certainty of a rifle bullet—is now [t]he recognized mode.

☞ We should round e[v]ery day of stirring action with an evenin[g] learn nothing from our e[v]ery day of thought. We muse upon it.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack.—"Now then, Charlotte, are you going to lend me your paint box?"
Charlotte.—"No, sir. You know what a mess you made of it last time!"
Master Jack.—"Very well. Then I'll put my guinea pig on your neck!"

The Physician.—The life of a physician is a life of contradiction. He is slandered, abused, and derided; yet he is sought with avidity, and freely received into the bosom of families. His opinion can blanch the cheek, or suffuse the eye with tears of joy; and the lips are closely watched as if from them proceeded the issues of life and death. He lives by the woes of others; and while he would starve where health the attribute of our race, he is endeavoring to banish sickness from among men, while success in his avocation would ruin him for ever. He is always engaged in a war against his own bread and butter.

Agricultural.

WOMEN FARMERS.

The following letter from H. C. Wright was read at a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, New York. It bears date Pekin, Niagara County, New York, May 20th, 1862. Mr. Wright says:—

"I am in the family of Marvin and Palina Roberts, farmers, with three hundred and fifty acres of land, as good as any in the State. There are 8 children—7 daughters and 1 son—the latter 9 years old. They have been on this farm two years. The failure of their wheat crop the past year—they have sowed 100 acres, and only 20 being worth harvesting—has been a great hindrance to their progress in surrounding themselves with the beautiful and ornamental. Their spring work was begun on the 19th of April; since which time, four of the daughters, aged respectively 19, 15, 13 and 11, assisted by a niece, aged 17, and by their mother, have accomplished the following labor, i. e, ploughed 75 acres, dragged 100 acres 3 times, sowed broadcast 100, and rolled 100.—More ploughing has been done, but the above amount of labor has been done exclusively by the mother and the 5 young daughters.—They have now growing 45 acres of wheat, 15 of winter and 30 of spring; 50 acres of oats; 30 acres of flax; and are to put in 10 acres of corn, 10 acres of beans, 3 of carrots, ½ of an acre of onions, and 10 acres of potatoes.

"To-day I saw one of the daughters ploughing, aged 13, holding the plough and driving her own team. During the day, she ploughed one acre and a half, the usual labor of a day in ploughing. Last Saturday I saw two of the girls, one aged 17, the other 15, sowing wheat, broadcast, and their sowing was done as well as any one would do it. I saw another, aged 13, *dragging*, and another, aged 19, *rolling*, and another piling and burning brush with her father. These daughters have the care of their own teams. One of them, who is 17, is detailed to do the housework this season. She is as good at ploughing, sowing, dragging and rolling as any of them. The housework is considered by them the hardest and most difficult to perform. They all prefer the out-door farm-work.

"During the two years they have been on this farm, they have labored mainly to get the land in a state to raise good crops. They have succeeded. They spent $1,400 the past year in draining. This work has been done by men. During the two years, over 50 acres have been cleared of bushes, stumps and roots, and this has been done mainly by the mother and daughters.

"I cannot now speak as to the results of this effort of a woman to train her daughters to be practical farmers, as to their physical, intellectual, or moral development. These speak for themselves. No one who knows the family, and the facts connected with their efforts to point out the way to woman to an independent, honest, and honorable subsistence, can have any misgivings as to what these results will be. They will be good, and only good. Already the example of this mother and daughters most beneficially affects the region around them. Women are becoming practical gardeners. They will soon become practical farmers; and ploughing, dragging, sowing, rolling, planting, hoeing and harvesting will become the pleasant, healthful and remunerative occupation of women as well as of men.

"I know of no movement more auspicious of good to the future of woman, than this effort of Palina Roberts and her young daughters. Their efforts is above all praise, and deserves and will receive the hearty approval of all who truly seek to elevate the race by improving the health and elevating and ennobling the character of woman. Woman must engage in out-door labor, or the health and character of man must degenerate. As is the health of woman, so must be the destiny of man.

"Flax Cotton.—Mrs. Roberts and her daughters, as stated, have put in 30 acres of flax. They expect a ton and a half per acre. There is an establishment in Lockport, 30 miles from their farm by railway, to convert flax into cotton. The Company offer them $8 per ton in advance for all the flax they can raise, and they are offered $1 per bushel for the seed. If the Company in Lockport succeed in their effort to cottonize flax, as it is believed they will, untold quantities of flax will be produced in this region. It is a pretty sure crop, seldom failing, as does wheat."

The editor of the Ohio Farmer says relative to the above:—

We do not believe it is necessary or best, as Mr. Wright suggests, that women should plough and sow, reap and mow, &c. Such a course would greatly improve their health; they would become very strong, as strong perhaps as men, but they would lose that lightness, elegance, grace, elasticity and pliability, which are peculiar and desirable traits of woman's physical character, and become stiff, awkward and ungraceful as the peasant women of the old country. The vigor which woman needs, must be accompanied with nervous or mental power.

Heavy farm work tends to produce stiffness, and if carried to excess, dullness, stupidity and inability to mental effort, and especially would this be so with women, whose organization is by nature finer than man's. Winship, who lifts a ton, has brought on himself this very condition. While we would gladly see those kinds of labor by which she can become, not independent of man, but as independent of him as he is of her; while we would gladly see her freed from those occupations which tell so severely on her health, and which confine her so much in-doors, we hope, in this country, not to see her subject to the rough toil of the farm, and we are sure we never shall. Let us have the happy medium between what *is*, and what Mr. Wright advocates. Let her understand the philosophy of farming, and not be ashamed that she knows all about agricultural operations. Let her, when necessity requires it, carry on the farm, let her indulge in gardening and horticulture, but avoid the *heavy farm* work. We close with an extract from Downing's essay on "Feminine Taste in Rural Affairs:"

"There are those, we fear," says Mr. Downing, "who fancy that there is something rustic, unfeminine and unrefined about an interest in country out-of-door matters. Would we could present to them a picture which rises in our memory at this moment, as the finest of all possible denials to such a theory. In the midst of the richest agricultural region in the Northern states, lives a lady, a young unmarried lady; mistress of herself, of some thousands of acres of the finest land, of a mansion which is almost the ideal of taste and refinement. Very well. Does this lady sit in her drawing-room all day to receive visitors? By no means. You will find her in the morning on horseback, or driving a light carriage with a pair of spirited horses. She explores every corner of the estate; she visits her tenants, examines the crops, projects improvements, directs repairs, and is thoroughly mistress of her whole estate. Her mansion opens into the most exquisite garden of fruits and flowers, every one of which she knows by heart. And yet this lady, so energetic and spirited in her enjoyment and management in out-of-door matters, is, in the drawing-room, the most gentle, the most retiring, the most modest of her sex."

Fruit Trees Near Barnyards.—Set out fruit trees near your barnyards. The Saratoga Farmer, speaking of the subject, says:—"It would be seen if farmers would surround their barnyards and pigpens with fruit trees. Such trees bear abundantly, and heavy crops of plums can often be obtained in such places, as the strong fruit is sure to be picked up and devoured as soon as it falls, thus preventing an increase of the curculio. Apples, pears, cherries, and all other fruit do well for the same reason; and they are also provided with a plentiful amount of liquid manure from the drainage of the barnyard."

PACKING FRUITS FOR LONG DISTANCES.

A correspondent of the Cottage Gardener describes the following method for packing fresh fruits of various kinds. This system he has practised with success for twenty years, and he has sent fruit from distances varying from fifty to five hundred miles:—

Take a box, soft paper and sweet bran. A box is chosen in size according to the quantity to be sent. A layer of bran is put on the bottom, then each bunch of grapes is held by the hand over a sheet of paper; the four corners of the paper are brought up to the stalk and nicely secured; then laid on its side in the box, and so on until the first layer is finished. Then fill the whole over with bran, and give the box a gentle shake as you proceed. Begin the second layer as the first, and so on until the box is completed. Thus, with neat hands the bloom is preserved, and may be sent to any distance; but with clumsy hands, quite the contrary, and often an entire failure, as the putting and taking out of the box are the most important points to be observed. I have invariably packed sixty or eighty bunches of grapes, and fifty or sixty dozens of peaches or apricots in one box, and received letters from persons who said they had arrived as safe as if they had been taken from the trees that morning.

Feeding Sugar to Bees.—While conversing with Mr. Sims about wine-making, an incidental remark of mine led him to say that there was a great deal accepted as axiomatic which could easily be proved the reverse by any man bold enough to attempt it. For instance, he had seen it asserted that it was not profitable to feed bees sugar with a view to increase their production of honey. Others had asserted that the bee would not manufacture honey from sugar at all. He had proved both to be errors; for he fed to his bees, one season, *eight hogsheads* of sugar, and they manufactured it into honey, which he sold at thirty-five cents per pound. Except white clover honey, he had never seen any to compare with this sugar honey. He said—"Let a man eat sugar honey thus made, and he will not eat blossom honey, if he can get the former." He said one stand of bees made eighty-four pounds of honey from sugar in thirty days. He took it to the Fair, received a premium for it, and sold it afterwards for twenty-four dollars. But he says it is not profitable thus to manufacture sugar into honey, except a large price can be obtained for the product. The best of sugar should be used.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Clarify Quills.—Cut off the small top of the quill, tie them *loosely* in bundles, fix them nearly upright, in a saucepan of water, in which a small piece of alum has been dissolved—about the size of a walnut of alum, to a quart of water; let them boil slowly until they become clear; add a little tumeric, or a small pinch of saffron to the water, to give them the yellow color; dry them in the sun. You should tie paper round the feather part of the quills, to keep them from dust. You can increase the quantity of alum according as you wish the quills more or less brittle.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette.*

Cleaning Plate.—A thorough washing in hot soap and water, with a piece of flannel, and thorough drying in two cloths, and rubbing with a chamois leather, will, if done daily from the beginning, keep plate in its primitive beauty for years, without the use of plate-powder. But after neglect, nothing succeeds so well in restoring lost lustre as powdered and sifted whitening, moistened with camphene, rubbed on in a small quantity with a bit of flannel, allowed a few minutes to dry, and then brushed off, and the plate rubbed with chamois leather.

Asparagus Soup.—Cut half a pound of fat bacon into thin slices, place at the bottom of a stewpan, then add five pounds of loan beef cut into dice, and rolled in flour; cover the pan close, stirring occasionally until the gravy is drawn, then add two quarts of water, and half a pint of ale. Cover, stew gently for an hour, with some whole pepper and salt. Strain off the liquor, and skim off the fat. Add some spinach, cabbage-lettuce, white beet leaves, sorrel, a little mint, and powdered sweet marjoram; let these boil up in the liquor, then put in the green tops of asparagus cut small, boil till all is tender, and serve hot.

Rhubarb Jelly.—Prepare the rhubarb as for pies; put a very little water to it and stew until quite soft; strain off the juice, and to every pint add one pound of the best white sugar; boil until it jellies.

Gooseberry Jam.—Stalk and crop as many as you require of ripe, red, rough gooseberries; put them into the preserving-pan, and as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add sugar in the proportion of three-quarters of a pound to every pound of fruit, and place it on the fire again; let it boil slowly, and continue boiling, for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and is jelly-like on a plate when cold, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

Currant Ice Cream.—Put one large spoonful and a half of currant jelly into a basin with half a gill of syrup, squeeze in one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream, and a little cochineal, then pass it through a sieve, and finish in the general way.

Water Ices are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry, or any other sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water ice, mix with one pint of water the strained juice of three fine oranges, and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange, to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet, and freeze it. Lemon ice is made in the same manner.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 26, 56, 58, 1, 31, 37, 28, 50, 24, 8, 4, is a county in Maine.
My 30, 45, 55, 53, 48, 60, 29, is a county in New Hampshire.
My 1, 27, 23, 17, 46, 52, 49, 7, 42, 40, is a county in Vermont.
My 18, 34, 60, 60, 39, 10, 9, is a county in Connecticut.
My 33, 2, 25, 56, 29, 21, 11, 49, is a county in New York.
My 55, 51, 10, 12, 20, 15, 7, 34, 49, is a county in New Jersey.
My 54, 24, 4, 50, 51, 36, 41, 39, 49, 10, 2, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 47, 3, 1, 8, 60, is a county in Maryland.
My 24, 26, 54, 27, 51, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 10, 34, 22, 43, 27, 2, 33, 26, 17, 11, 40, is a county in North Carolina.
My 61, 5, 10, 40, 8, 49, is a county in Georgia.
My 54, 24, 13, 18, 50, 53, is a county in Alabama.
My 29, 14, 43, 10, is a county in Florida.
My 43, 56, 26, 36, 2, 44, is a county in Mississippi.
My 60, 11, 33, 5, 8, 40, is a county in Ohio.
My 47, 28, 58, 54, is a county in Indiana.
My 4, 26, 42, 40, 1, 35, 53, is a county in Kentucky.
My 61, 14, 40, 46, 6, 20, 26, 34, is a county in Tennessee.
My 4, 43, 14, 36, 27, 52, 49, 54, 11, 49, is a county in Illinois.
My 19, 11, 60, 21, is a county in Missouri.
My 25, 2, 60, 11, 26, 29, 46, 24, is a county in Iowa.
My 7, 49, 40, 14, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 9, 42, 49, 19, 48, 10, is a county in Texas.
My 12, 50, 47, 50, is a county in Minnesota.
My 1, 20, 45, 12, 34, 11, 26, is a county in Oregon.

My whole is one of Poor Richard's maxims.

Williamsport, Pa. J. WILLIS HALL.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in boot, but not in shoe;
My 2nd is in three, but not in two;
My 3rd is in whole, but not in part;
My 4th is in sour, but not in tart;
My 5th is in black, but not in white;
My 6th is in little, but not in mite;
My 7th is in mackerel, but not in shad;
My whole is what we all have had.

Prompton, Pa. MARTIN WALTER.

CHARADE.

On a wicked man's brow my whole is oft seen,
But when it's curtailed, on a monk's head has been;
Behead again, and there will be
A bird which many dread to see.

WALTER CARR.

CHARADE.

My 1st is a part of an animal;
My 2nd is a verb;
My whole is a small collection of houses.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Seven men, namely, A, B, C, D, E, F and G, divide a certain sum of money in such manner and proportion as is herewith specified. A received $238.25 from the whole; B, C and D got $13 to each $6 that the next two men, E and F, received; F and B got $351 less than C, D and E received. If we divide what D, E and F got by the sum of what B and C got, we find that the former mentioned three had 1 11-23 times the sum of the latter named two. C and D got in proportion to E, F and B as 9 is to 10. And G got the remainder. If we multiply B's share by C's, and divide the product by D's share, we get a quotient which is $6.75 more than E's share, which said quotient was then also exactly the portion that G got. D and E received $162 more than what E and F did. Who can tell me, from all these various given proportions, what was the sum of money these seven men divided, and how much each man received as his individual share? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may a ship be said to be ambitiously in love? Ans.—When she is making up to a pier (peer.)

☞ Why is a stupid school-boy like a town in Scotland? Ans.—Because he is a dunce (Dunse).

☞ What plant is always entreating and persuading? Ans.—Lettuce (Let us).

☞ What sympathetic writer must have had a harsh and forbidding countenance, or else his name belies him? Ans.—Sterne.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Star Spangled Banner, first raised in the American Revolution. ENIGMA.—Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. CHARADE.—Logh-ouse. CHARADE.—Capsicum (cap, sigh, come). CHARADE.—Portsmouth (ports, port, mouth). ANAGRAMS.—Sophie, Catharine, Harriet, Mary, Sarah, Emmeline, Susan, Marie, Emily, Camilla, Hannah, Bertha. PROBLEM.—39 and 32.

Answer to A. D. Young's PROBLEM, of June 7th.—The diameter of the circumscribing circle is 41.810 inches.

Rule.—Divide the side of the octagon by the square root of the difference between 2 and the square root of 2; twice the quotient will be the diameter of the circumscribing circle.

Answer to my TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published June 14.—The required sides measure 50 and 80 perches, respectively.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published June 14.—Each side of the required minimum triangle measures 14,142.135623? feet.

Answer to PROBLEM by Reuben Martin, published June 21.—It will take 7482 rails to fence the enlarged tract, and the enlarged tract will contain 51.961524.2270642 acres.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.